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No. 44

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# SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

Vol. VIII

No. 2



JUNE, 1911

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

1911

# SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

Edited for the Club by  
WILLIAM FREDERIC BADÉ

JUNE, 1911

Vol. VIII.

No. 2

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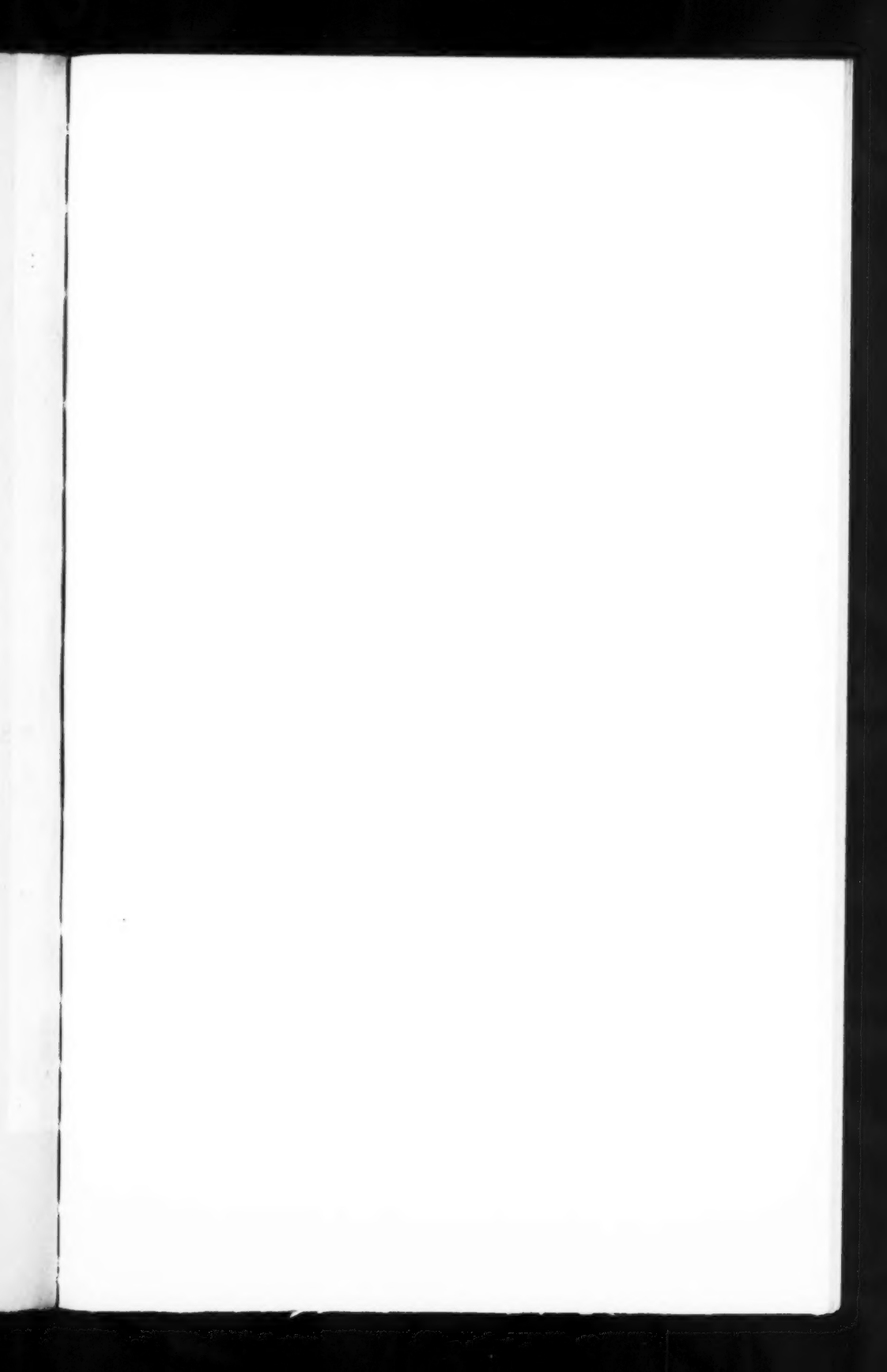
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MIRROR LAKE, YOSEMITE VALLEY.  
Photograph by Pillsbury Picture Company.



## LITTLE STUDIES IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

By F. E. MATTHES.

## III. THE WINDS OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.\*

To most folks roaming about the Yosemite Valley its winds and breezes seem a matter of small interest or consequence. They come and go, now one way, now another, apparently without regularity or system,—moody, capricious beyond analysis. In the midst of the grand tumult of the Yosemite landscape, our senses fairly bewildered with its many glories, we cannot stop to consider these little breaths that blow about us, and let them puff by unheeded. The Yosemite region is not a windy country anyway; but once or twice in a season does a gale arise to disturb its wonted tranquillity, and its daily zephyrs are such light, airy little nothings as to scarcely seem worthy of downright study. And yet they become singularly interesting when once rightly understood. They turn out to be surprisingly systematic and withal so intimately connected with the configuration of the valley itself, that, to one who has at length mastered their secret they grow to be one of its immanent features, as characteristic and inseparable as El Capitan or the Yosemite Falls.

It happens to be so ordained in nature that the sun shall heat the ground more rapidly than the air. And so it comes that every slope or hillside basking in the morning sun soon becomes itself a source of heat. It gradually warms the air immediately over it, and, the latter, becoming lighter, begins to rise. But not vertically upward, for above it is still the cool air pressing down. Up along the warm slope it ascends, much as shown by the arrows in the accompanying diagram (Fig. 1). Few visitors to

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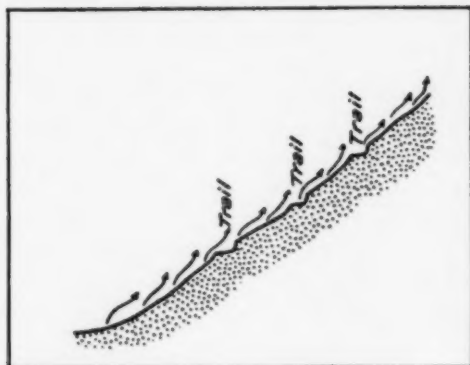


FIG. 1.

the valley but will remember toiling up some never-ending zigzags on a hot and breathless day, with the sun on their backs and their own dust floating upward with them in an exasperating, choking cloud. Perhaps they thought it was simply their misfortune that the dust should happen to rise on that particular day. It always does on a sun-warmed slope.

But again, memories may arise of another occasion when, on coming down a certain trail the dust ever descended with the travelers, wafting down upon them from zigzag to zigzag as if with malicious pleasure. That, however, undoubtedly happened on the shady side of the valley. For there the conditions are exactly reversed. When the sun leaves a slope the latter begins at once to lose its heat by radiation, and in a short time is colder than the air. The layer next to the ground then gradually chills by contact, and, becoming heavier as it condenses, begins to creep down along the slope (see Fig. 2). There is, thus, normally a warm updraft on a sunlit slope and a cold downdraft on a shaded slope—and that rule one may depend on almost any day in a windless region like the Yosemite. Indeed, one might readily take advantage of it and plan his trips so as to always have a dust-free journey.

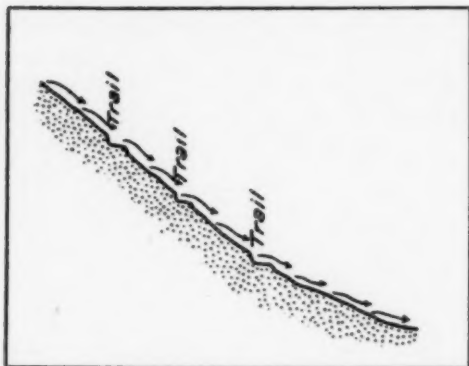


FIG. 2.

One might time his ascent for an hour when the route lies wholly in shadow; the dust will then obligingly pour over the edge of the trail, perhaps upon others following on a lower zigzag, but that, of course, is their lookout. Conversely one might time the descent for an hour when the trail is wholly in the sun. The dust will then float up behind one, leaving ever a clear path ahead. The writer, in fact, did deliberately put this in practice on more than one occasion during his sojourn in the valley, whenever the choice of hour mattered little otherwise—always with the desired result. Thus, he would be careful to make the ascent of the short trail to Glacier Point before its zigzags emerged from the morning shadows, and to descend again before the sun had set on them. But the casual tourist is seldom favored in this way. His sight-seeing trips are laid out for him with little regard for any rules like these, and as a consequence, he eats Yosemite dust a good share of the time.

But, it may be objected, the valley sides lie ever part in sun, part in shadow. The very lay and configuration of the valley are such that at no hour of the day is either of its slopes entirely sunlit; what with the many cliffs and headlands and recesses there is always a shadow here or

there. Is there, then, really an updraft wherever the sun shines and a downdraft in every shadow patch? Most assuredly there is. That is one of the peculiarities of the valley, the immediate outcome of its exceptionally bold cliff topography. Every cliff that casts a shadow thereby creates a downward breeze. And thus, there are in spots throughout the valley local breezes that recur daily at certain hours as the shadows come and go. One may readily test this to his satisfaction on a place like Glacier Point. In the morning, when the great cliff is still in shadow, a bit of paper tossed over the brink at once disappears, sucked down by a descending current, but at noon when the sun beats on the cliff, the very opposite will happen; instead of sailing down, the paper shoots upward, and continuing upward, disappears like a tiny white speck in the blue.

But let it not be thought that there are none but local air currents in the valley. There is also a great general movement, itself the resultant of all the lesser ones. How it is brought about is not difficult to explain. As the afternoon wears on and the lengthening shadows advance over the landscape, the downward breezes progressively gain in force, extinguishing one after another the upward currents, until at last with the lowering of the sun they become general over the entire surface of the cooling land. Sliding down from every slope and cliff, they join in the bottom of the valley, there to form a broad air-stream or river that flows on toward the plains below. Every side valley or cañon, moreover, sends its reinforcements, for in every one of them the same thing is happening; and thus, with nightfall there is organized a great system of confluent air-streams corresponding closely to the valley system of the land.

All night long this down-valley movement continues, until at length the morning brings the warming sun again. Then, as summit after summit, and slope after slope is heated—insolated is the technical term—the warm up-drafts are revived again. At first feeble and in spots only,

they soon wax stronger and more general, and, as the shadows retreat and dwindle before the oncoming light invasion, they finally gain the upper hand. The nocturnal air-streams cease to flow and a general movement is inaugurated in the opposite direction, up toward the highlands at the valley head. It is not usually so noticeable as the night wind, for its tendency is naturally to spread and diffuse upward, while the nocturnal movement is one of condensation and concentration, especially vigorous along the valley floor. But it is none the less a well-defined, characteristic movement that continues throughout the day. Late in the afternoon, with the growing of the shadows it gradually comes to a stop and the tide turns back again. Thus the air of the Yosemite Valley goes through a daily ebb and flood, reversing early every morning and again late in the afternoon.

Most mountain valleys have similar alternating night and day winds, but those of the Yosemite Valley are exceptionally pronounced. All conditions in its case favor the orderly consummation of the process and conspire to accentuate each phase. No general winds sweep over the country to interfere with the local up- or downdrafts, except at intervals of many weeks; and so exceedingly dry and pure is the atmosphere of the Sierra, so few particles of dust or moisture does it hold, that the sun's rays plunge through it almost without let or hindrance. Insolation, consequently, is particularly intense and begins almost immediately with the rising of the sun, while radiation is equally rapid and sets in promptly the moment the sun disappears. And thus it comes that the reversals in the Yosemite Valley take place with clock-like regularity, and the entire movement assumes the rhythmic swing of a pendulum. Nothing was better calculated to make this visible to the eye than the smoke column from the forest fires that raged persistently at the lower end of the valley during the summer of 1905. Every morning the valley was clear, having been swept out, so to speak, by the nocturnal down-valley current, and the smoke pall

could be seen floating off to the southwest, low down on the Sierra flank. But with the rising of the warm day breezes the smoke would gradually advance up the valley, becoming denser by degrees, until by nine or ten o'clock one could scarcely see across from rim to rim. This condition would prevail all day until with the afternoon reversal the down-valley wind would set in again and take the smoke back with it. Much to the chagrin of the writer, who at the time was engaged in the survey of the valley and depended on the clearness of the air for his long-distance sights, this daily smoke invasion persisted for four long months with scarce an interruption. It may be imagined that he came to understand the phenomenon right well.

Oddly enough it is precisely upon this daily atmospheric seesaw that one of the Yosemite's chief attractions depends. As is well known, one must go to Mirror Lake at an early morning hour, if he wishes to see it at its best. The surprised and usually somewhat vexed tourist who finds he must arise at an impossible hour in order to enjoy a perfect reflection, little dreams that what he is undertaking really amounts to keeping a tryst with the early morning reversal out on the shores of Mirror Lake; and that, unless he be quite punctual he will miss it because of its almost momentary briefness. Yet such is actually the case. The stillness of the water surface sets in just as the down-valley draft dies out; but as soon as the upper cliffs of Tenaya Cañon become sufficiently insulated, up-drafts begin to stir the air again, and a faint tremor forthwith steals over the lake. Accepting the correctness of this explanation, one is tempted to believe there might be another calm corresponding to the afternoon reversal,—an ever so much more convenient hour for the tourist. But alas, experience has shown that this cannot always be depended on. The reason is, no doubt, that in the afternoon there is no well-defined pause in the circulation of the air of Tenaya Cañon, because of the presence of great shadows on its north side which send down eddying breezes at various times.

This discussion of the winds of the Yosemite Valley would scarcely be complete without a word about the breezes that play near the great waterfalls. Each of these, it will be remembered, leaps from the mouth of an elevated hanging valley. At night, when the down-valley currents are organized, the stream issuing from each of these valleys plunges down over the cliff very much like a waterfall. Few people probably are aware of the existence of these—shall we call them “air falls”? Nevertheless, they are by no means imaginary, as one may readily find out by ascending either the Yosemite Falls trail or the Nevada Falls trail in the evening. The writer had occasion to do so many times when returning to his high-level camps above the valley, and the unpleasant memory of the chilling downdrafts that poured upon him on these evening trips is with him yet. During the daytime, on the other hand, the air rises vertically along the cliffs and up into the hanging valleys, taking part of the spray from the falls along with it. A pretty example of this may be seen at the Bridal Veil Falls, where two little combs of spray, one on each side of the stream, steadily curve upward over the brink. As soon as the sun is off the cliff, however, they at once cease to exist.

Many other features about the valley that find their explanation in the wind system here outlined might be added, but the foregoing will suffice to direct attention to them.

## FOUR MEXICAN VOLCANOES.

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BY R. W. POINDEXTER, JR.

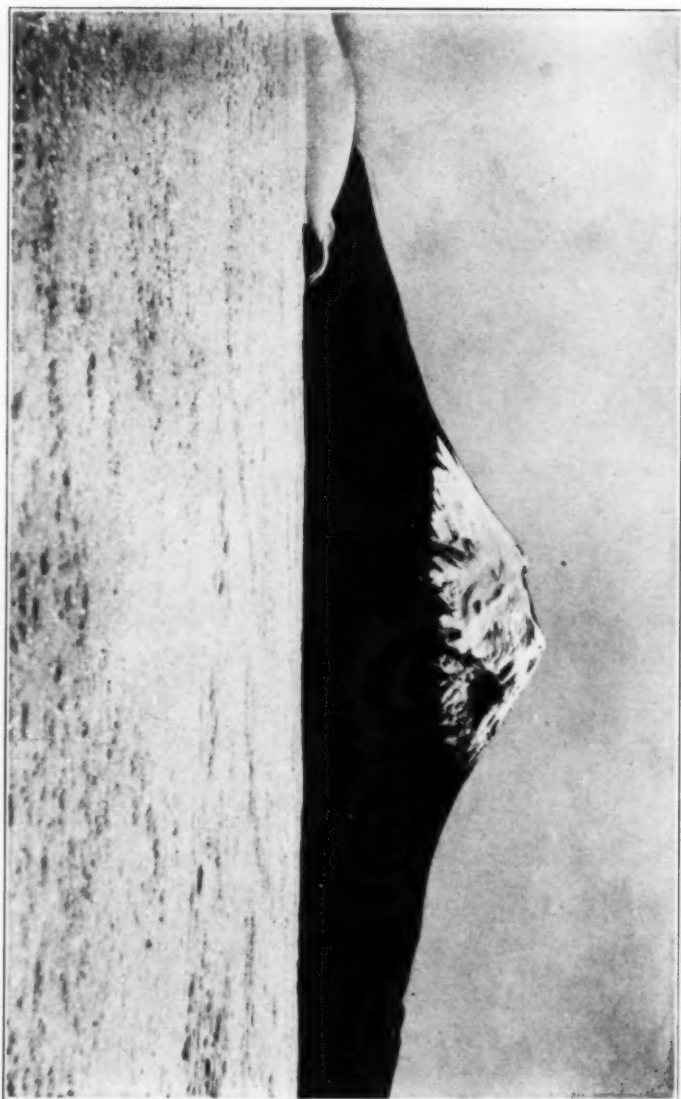
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The City of Mexico is situated in a region marked by intense volcanic activity. Lying at an altitude of 7400 feet, on a plain so level that millions have been spent in draining it, it is surrounded on all sides by lava hills and ranges, and burnt-out volcanoes varying in size from little cones and craters a few hundred feet high to the great snow-covered mountains Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl, which lie thirty-five miles to the southeast of the city, and form one of the principal features of the landscape.

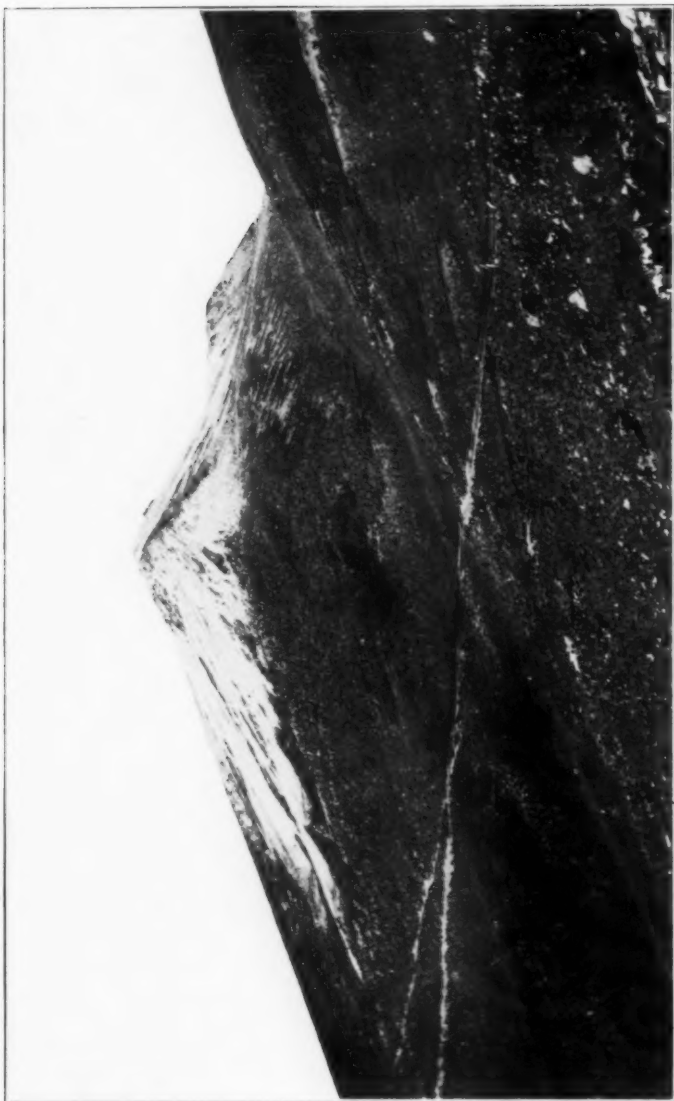
It seems well worth while to tell my fellow-members of the Sierra Club something about the four highest of the Mexican volcanoes; for, although they have not the wonderful charm of our Sierra, which for me surpasses any heaven I have ever imagined or read about, they have plenty of interest and individuality. Moreover, Mexico City is visited each year by many Californians, (that is, when there is no revolution in progress), and from the City of Mexico all four mountains are easily reached. It is surprising how little is written about them when one considers the fact that they are quite often climbed. A partial exception is Popocatepetl. I should mention here a beautifully illustrated article published in the *National Geographic Magazine* for September, 1910. I was pleased to find Mr. Andrew C. Lawson's card, dated August 23, 1906, on the summit of Nevado de Toluca, and hope that the Sierra Club registers which I left on the other three mountains will soon record other Sierra Club names.

The names of the four volcanoes, with their respective heights, as given by the Mexican Society of Geography and Statistics, are the following:





POPOCATEPETL, FROM TOP OF INTACCHUATL. SNOW IN FOREGROUND.



TRAIL ON NEVADO DE TOLUCA, JUST BEFORE REACHING GAP WHICH GIVES ENTRANCE TO CRATER.

Nevado de Toluca, or Xintecatl.....	15,170 feet
Ixtaccihuatl .....	17,340 feet
Popocatepetl .....	17,520 feet
Pico de Orizaba, or Citlaltepētāl.....	18,700 feet

They are alike in many ways. They all rise from level plateaus excepting Orizaba, which has a plateau on the west, but slopes down to low country on the east. With the exception of Ixtaccihuatl, which is at least three miles long and has no crater, they are cone-shaped, as volcanoes are wont to be; have smooth, sloping sides and lack the gorges, rocky cliffs, and other water and ice-formed features that characterize the Sierra. Water is scarce. What few streams there are issue low down on the mountainside and are quite small. Ixtaccihuatl is built of more solid rock than the other three. Consequently small streams come out from under the glaciers and flow above ground, instead of sinking through ashes and porous lava. Like most volcanoes, each stands alone, unsupported by smaller companions. I am not enough of a geologist to describe the rocks of which these mountains are composed; but they are, of course, entirely of igneous origin: andesites, porphyries, etc., and their color is dull gray or brownish. It is the snow that makes the mountains good to look at, and snow, being the same the world over, needs no description. There is little volcanic ash, for which the climber is duly thankful.

The lower slopes are well covered with soil, which supports forests composed of one or two varieties of pine and a species of fir. The trees are small, or of moderate size, and there is no underbrush. The ground is well covered with a kind of bunch-grass called *sacaton*. There are few flowering plants, and animal life is almost entirely lacking. In all my trips I have seen but one rabbit, no squirrels or chipmunks, and few birds. There may be deer or coyotes, but I have not seen any. Snakes of all kinds are scarce in this part of Mexico, in spite of the fact that school histories state the incident depicted

on the national flag to have happened within twenty miles of the city.

As timber line is reached, the trees grow smaller, and tend to become segregated into groups instead of standing as isolated individuals. The bunch-grass continues to cover the smooth, unbroken slopes, unaccompanied by any other plant, up to 14,000 or 15,000 feet. There are many little trails, worn by the ice-cutters and the herders of cattle and sheep. It is an easy matter to make trails where there are neither rocks nor brush to contend with.

The amount of snow varies with the season. Strange to say, there is most snow at the end of summer, and by May there is hardly any left on the south slopes. This is because all the rain comes in summer, when the mountains are often covered with clouds for weeks at a time. A Mexican winter is drier than a California summer, hence winter is the season for climbing. The best time is the latter part of November, December, or January, when the air is still clear from the thorough washing given it during the rainy season. Later it becomes warm and the air is hazy, and, by May, storms may be encountered. While it is always cold at these high altitudes, it is not cold enough, even in winter, to be more than agreeably bracing.

One fine thing about these climbs is that they are inexpensive. If one can talk a little Spanish and arrange with the native guides, the trip from Mexico City to Ixtaccihuatl or Popocatepetl should not cost more than ten dollars (U. S. currency) a person for a small party. This includes guides, horses, railroad fare, and hotel accommodations at Amecameca. Nevado de Toluca can be climbed at a cost of about fifteen dollars, and Orizaba for twenty-five or thirty dollars a person, the latter being a four days' trip.

The guides are Indians, but all speak Spanish. They do pretty good work, remarkable work when you consider that they live almost entirely on *tortillas*, and their wearing apparel consists of a cotton shirt and trousers,

resembling pajamas; one or two blanket-like *sarapes*, leather sandals called *guaraches*, and a big straw sombrero. The first day they walk about fifteen miles uphill, while you are riding. In camp they get wood and water, attend to the animals, and probably stay up half the night talking or singing or imbibing *aguardiente*. The next morning, long before dawn, they fix the fire, wrap their feet in rags to keep them from freezing, eat a few *torillas* which have been thrown in the ashes to warm, saddle the horses, and walk up to the snow line while you ride again. Here you hand them all you may have in the way of lunch, field glasses, and kodaks, for them to carry, and then you set out. Where the snow is steep and hard the guides cut steps with a spade, or ax, or grub hoe, because their sandals slip where hob-nailed boots would hold perfectly well. When on the descent, the snow line is reached again, the horses will probably be waiting for you while another fifteen-mile walk is waiting for the Indians, should you care to return to the town the same day. They are perfectly cheerful at the end of the journey. You pay them the stipulated sum, with a little extra for *pulque*, and they never fail to ask when you are coming again, or whether you have friends who would care to make the trip.

El Nevado de Toluca lies forty miles west of Mexico, and fifteen or twenty miles south of the city of Toluca, which is chiefly noted for its cheese and its large brewery. To reach the volcano you go to Toluca, and then, by a small branch railroad called the Toluca, Tenango and San Juan, you reach San Juan or Calimaya, at either of which places horses for the trip can be hired. I went with a friend who knew the manager of this little railroad. He provided us with a track automobile at Toluca, and we were taken to Calimaya without delay. The trip from Mexico City to Toluca, by the way, is a beautiful one, and well worth taking for its own sake. Nevado de Toluca is interesting on account of its huge crater, which is more than two miles in diameter. The mountain rises

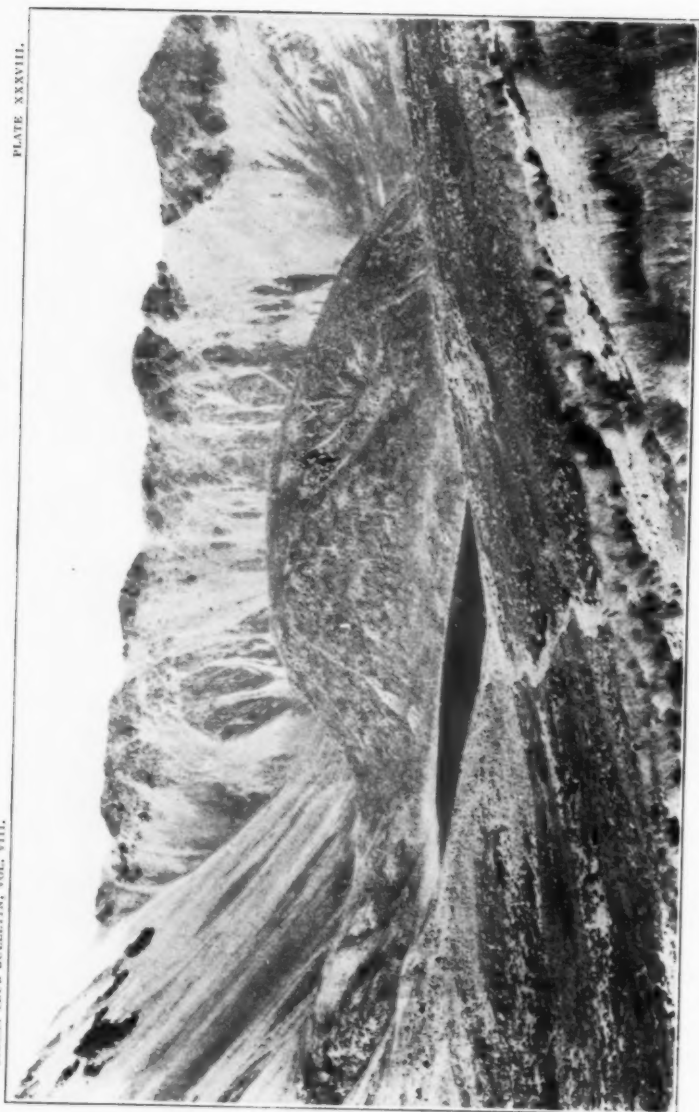
from a plain, over 8000 feet high, and quite as level as the valley of Mexico. As the sides slope gradually, particularly near the base, it obviously covers a large territory.

We started from Calimaya shortly after daylight, and, as the date was the first of November, the air was frosty. We left the town behind us and gradually ascended. The sun came out and the air grew warm. At eight o'clock we stopped for a cup of fresh milk at the hut of an Indian cattleherd. From here the trail grew steeper, but continued without much zigzagging up to the timber line at about 13,000 feet. Here it turned to the left and went across the mountain, ascending with a regular grade to a low gap on the northwest side, which gave entrance to the crater.

The floor of the crater is a hundred feet below this gap. In the middle a mound of lava rises to a height of 500 feet. On the west side of this mound are two small, shallow lakes and on the south side lies a larger one, half a mile in length and very deep in the middle. The water in the lakes is clear and fresh, but I saw no evidences of life in it. Bunch-grass grows sparsely on the crater floor, but there are no trees. The highest point, El Pico del Aguila, is on the southwest side, 1500 feet above the level of the lakes. The rim of the crater slopes down sharply on the west side of the peak, but maintains a rather even level on the south side, with an inside slope so steep that it is surprising that the volcanic ash with which it is covered does not slip down. This ash lies in vertical streaks of brick-red, lavender-gray, and yellow. El Pico del Aguila itself is rocky, and offers the only approach to rock climbing to be found on any of the mountains under consideration, if ascended by their easiest routes. Although snow often fills the crater and comes well down on the sides of the mountain, at this time there were only some vertical streaks on the inside of the crater wall, where altitude and northerly exposure tend to conserve it. In ascending to the summit, we rode along the rim to a



PICO DEL AGUILA, NEVADO DE TOLUCA.



CRATER OF NEVADO DE TOLUCA, NOVEMBER 1, 1910.

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point about half way between the gap by which we had entered and the peak, where we dismounted and continued on a level around the inside of the crater wall, crossing some rocks and tongues of snow, to a point almost directly beneath the summit where we began the ascent straight up over rocks and ash. As I said before, Mr. Andrew Lawson's card was at the top, together with a number of other signatures, mostly of Mexicans, bearing various dates. The previous night we had met at Calimaya two Frenchmen who had just made the ascent, but they had not left their names. The view was good. The land slopes down to the "Hot Country" on the south and west; to the north lies the level valley of Toluca, and to the east the range which divides it from the valley of Mexico. Clear beyond are beautiful snow-covered Ixtacihuatl and Popocatepetl.

In descending we made straight for the large lake, running and jumping down over the ash-covered slope. It was growing late, and as the sun went down behind El Pico del Aguila, wonderful colors spread over the rocks and danced on the ash-covered crater walls. Half of the lake lay deep sea-green in the sunlight while half melted back into the purple shadow of the rocky wall. The sun was still shining when we reached the gap, but darkness overtook us before we reached the level and we passed from the cold of the summit to the warmer atmosphere of the gently sloping sides. We missed the Toluca train by an hour and had to spend another night at the little inn in Calimaya; but a good hot bath when we reached Toluca next morning made up for that.

Who does not remember reading about Popocatepetl in his school geography? What a fascinating sound that word Popocatépetl (that's the way they pronounce it here) has! It is only one of the many strange names that lie scattered over the map of Mexico. I formerly imagined Popocatepetl to be a small, conical mountain, with a bottomless, perpendicular hole a yard or two in diameter in the middle of it. Perched on the edge of the

hole was a little old man with a big hat, who was boiling eggs in a kettle suspended by a rope from the end of a stick. This graphic description, however, is not true to life, for, while there is a hole in the top of the mountain, it is nearer a thousand yards in diameter than two, and, while one might boil eggs in one or two spots, the top of the mountain is on the whole better adapted to making ice-cream. If some of the people who, when I was leaving California for Mexico, offered me their sympathy on account of the heat I was about to encounter could suddenly be transported to one of Mexico's high mountains, or even to Mexico City in mid-summer, they would quickly modify their opinions as to Mexican temperature.

About three years ago I decided that I wanted to climb this famous mountain. So when a legitimate opportunity to visit Mexico came my way, I seized it at once. On getting here I found that climbing "Popo," as they call it, is a regular tourist stunt. There is a place called Popo Park, and for the fixed sum of fifty pesos the proprietor thereof agrees to take any one to the edge of the crater, even if it is necessary to carry him part of the way on a stretcher.

When I at last realized my long-cherished desire Amecameca, and not Popo Park, was the starting-point. The chief reason for this was the reduction in the cost of the trip from fifty pesos to fifteen.

Mr. George Holderer, of New York, accompanied me. Taking an early train, we reached Amecameca at 9:45, and having made arrangement beforehand, guides and horses were awaiting. We set out in a southeast direction, following the road which Cortez is said to have built between Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl for the purpose of attacking Mexico City. But we left this road before reaching the saddle between the two mountains, and went to Rancho Tlamacas. This consisted of a few shacks and some iron retorts, formerly used in distilling sulphur. The sulphur was hauled out of the crater with a windlass and then skidded down the snow-covered sides of the

mountain on grass mats with an Indian to guide each one. History states that at the time of the conquest Cortez sent Alvarado to the crater to get sulphur for the manufacture of gunpowder.

After a good night's sleep, we set forth at six o'clock. The temperature was 28° F., the same as at seven o'clock the night before. The date was January 16th, and the elevation at this point was about 12,500 feet.

We rode through fine volcanic ash, which was covered by the whitest frost I have ever seen, to snow line, where we dismounted near a small cross, which our guide told us was built on the spot where a peon, while cutting ice, had been hit on the head by a falling rock.

To our right was a little peak called Pico del Fraile, which juts out from the northwest slope of the mountain. So far as I have been able to learn, it has never been climbed. Its height above sea-level is 15,000 feet, and it rises about 500 feet above the saddle which connects it with Popo. The sides are almost perpendicular, affording a good opportunity for an ambitious climber.

The snow in front of us was smooth, and frozen as hard as marble. Fortunately, well-cut steps had been left by a former party, saving us trouble. It was a novel experience, after climbing on a snow-slope for two and a half hours, to come suddenly on the crater, a huge abyss, half a mile in diameter and 1,500 feet deep. At intervals, loosened rocks rattled down the precipitous walls, and from two holes on the far side there issued thick columns of steam, colored yellow by sulphur. Evidently Popocatepetl is trying to remain true to its name, which means "smoking mountain" in the language of the Indians.

The rim of the crater is by no means horizontal. The mountain is a cone, truncated at an angle, the highest point being on the southwest side, about 700 feet above the lowest. The bottom of the crater is nearly level, and contained a little snow. The remains of the windlass and steel cable used in hoisting sulphur could still be seen. The odor of hydrogen sulphide was apparent, and

a piece of lead foil lying on a rock had been blackened by it. That there still is heat in the mountain is demonstrated by the fact that the inside of the rim was free from snow, while on the outside it was four feet thick.

After an hour spent in taking pictures, we went on to the top, which took an hour and twenty minutes. Sierra Club Register No. 7 was deposited in a small pile of rocks, and then began the descent. We got back to the guides, who were a short distance below, and they assured us that it would be impossible to descend in the orthodox manner, i. e. by sitting on grass mats and sliding. The snow was so hard that, once started, we should have been unable to stop. We regretted greatly missing this slide, which is said to be one of the best things about climbing Popo, but there was nothing for us to do but to go down a step at a time. Near the bottom, where it was less steep, my friend tried sliding, and had quite an exciting time trying to stop, which he managed to do by using his kodak as a brake. On reaching camp we packed up, and started for Amecameca, where we arrived at 9:40, returning to Mexico early next morning.

Ixtaccihuatl means "The Woman in White," and the resemblance can be seen without undue stretch of the imagination. The whole mountain represents the woman. She is lying on her back with head toward the north and feet to the south. And she is certainly white, for she carries more snow than any other mountain in Mexico, and several glaciers besides. The Indians have a legend which tells them that Ixtaccihuatl was the daughter of a rich chief. She loved a youth who had nothing, and when he came to ask her hand, the father would not listen to him and drove him away. Day by day the girl pined, till finally, as she was about to die, she was changed into this mountain, which even to this day preserves her form. Her lover became Popocatepetl, and stands at her feet, keeping eternal watch over her while she sleeps.

The mountain is reached from Amecameca. The trip takes just as long as the one to Popocatepetl, and the



ПОПОКАТЕПЕТЛ. FROM INTEROCHAUTL.



INTACCHAHUATL FROM THE SOUTH (POCATEPETL) AT SUNRISE, JANUARY 16, 1911.

same arrangements can be made for guides and horses. Instead of staying at the Rancho Tlamacas, visitors to Ixtaccihuatl remain over night in a cave at a height of about 13,000 feet. Of the two trips, Popocatepetl is by far the best if it be simply a matter of getting to the top. Popocatepetl is higher, and the first day's ride from Amecameca is more varied and beautiful, and the crater is some thing worth seeing. But because Ixtaccihuatl rises to a long ridge instead of a cone, and on account of the large amount of snow and ice which it carries, it offers greater possibilities in the way of ice, snow, and rock work, and there are a number of different ways by which it can be climbed. That part which represents the woman's head is especially difficult, being very steep on all sides. But I know of at least one man, a Swiss named Hiti, who has climbed it, and a friend of mine, a German, intends to try it within a few days. Climbers try this peak in genuine Swiss fashion, with ropes, ice-axes, and *Steigeisen*.

Amecameca is a town of 8,000 inhabitants, but covers a greater area than most Mexican towns of that population, because almost every house is surrounded by a garden. On setting out for Ixtaccihuatl, which lies to the east, one rides through the streets for at least a mile. Then the road runs between level cornfields to the base of the mountain, about three miles away. Here an old German has a small brewery beside a waterfall, but he is so lazy that he seldom brews enough beer even for his own consumption. From this point up the mountain rises steeply, and the road becomes a trail and winds on through forest. Here and there, in the cleared spaces where the slope is less steep, are found wheat and barley fields. There are numbers of trails going up the mountain. Its sides are smooth, being furrowed by only a few shallow cañons. There is one trail which passes through a beautiful little valley surrounded by high, rocky cliffs and spreading out into a wide, basin-like floor.

There has been some discussion as to whether Ixtac-

cihuatl should be considered a volcano or not, but there can be no doubt as to its volcanic origin. In the upper part, the successive lava flows can be distinctly seen. It is more rocky than its neighbor, Popo, and lacks the volcanic ash that covers the latter in some places. The cave where climbers are wont to spend the night is at timber line. The start for the climb is made at daybreak. It is not worth while to set out sooner, because the country beyond the cave is somewhat rough. The snow line can be reached in an hour's ride. The trail was built principally for getting ice and ends at the foot of a glacier. The glacier is to be avoided, if one seeks the easiest route to the top, and, turning to the left, the way is straight to the summit. The route is over rocks and gravel at first, then over deep snow, which for the last quarter of a mile presents a smooth surface, unbroken by rocks. The last hundred yards is steep enough to make step-cutting necessary.

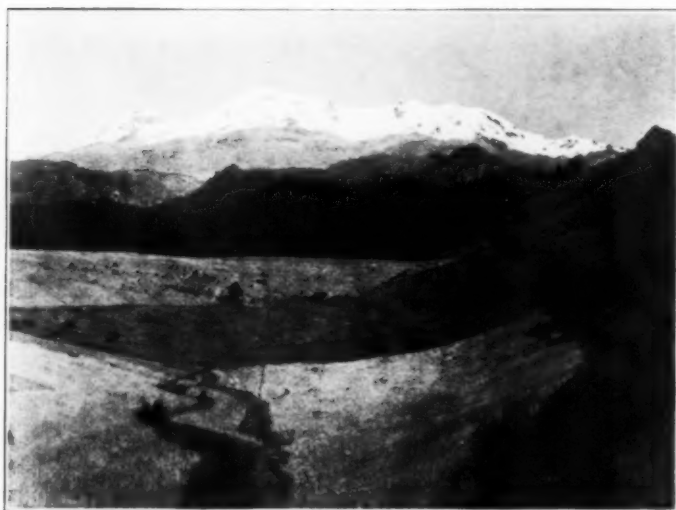
There were five of us in the party, besides a considerable retinue of guides and *mozos*. I was fortunate in being the only member of the party who did not suffer from mountain sickness. Two of our number were prevented from making the ascent. Strange to say, the first man to turn back had climbed Orizaba successfully, and Orizaba is much the higher mountain.

On the top of Ixtaccihuatl are two rounded domes, nearly north and south of the slight dip between them, and of about the same height. They are a quarter of a mile apart. Everything is covered by smooth, hard snow, which presents an unbroken surface except for one crevasse just north of a half-dome of snow lying to the southeast of the other two domes. The west side of this half-dome is a snow cornice, which can be plainly seen from the base of the mountain. There being no wind, making the air seem warm in the sunlight, I stayed at the top for about an hour. The view is much the same as that obtained from Popocatepetl, the main difference being that Popo itself, and Lake Texcoco, a shallow, alkaline





SIERRA CLUB REGISTER, ETC., ON SUMMIT OF INTACCHUATL.



INTACCHUATL.



TRAIL FROM ORIZABA APPROACHING SAN ANDRÉS CHALCHICOMULA.

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body of water just east of Mexico City, are included. Coming down was easy, with several places where sliding on the snow was possible; the rest of the way being gravel and loose rock. We all returned to Amecameca the same day and to Mexico City on the following morning.

The highest mountain in Mexico, and the third highest in North America, is Pico de Orizaba, or Citlaltepētāl, as the Indians used to call it. It is situated less than a hundred miles west of Vera Cruz, and can be seen well out to sea in clear weather. While the approach from the west is over a plain having an elevation of more than 7,500 feet, from the east it rises practically from sea-level. It is a long slope, with the tropics at the base and glaciers at the top. The mountain is sharply pointed, but lacks the symmetry of Popocatepētāl on account of a spur on the north side.

The usual, and most convenient way of approach is from the town of San Andrés Chalchicomula, in the State of Puebla, 220 kilometers east of Mexico, on the Mexican Railway. The town is eight kilometers from the station, and several little cars, first and second class, travel between the depot and the town at train-time. Four mules each are required to pull the cars up to the town, but, as there is an even grade, they coast all the way down again, the mules being sent on ahead. The country which these cars cross, and even the mountain itself, belong to a huge hacienda eighty kilometers long by thirty wide. San Andrés is an attractive little town of perhaps 5,000 inhabitants. Snow-covered Orizaba and the dark dome of Cerro Negro, a crater 15,000 feet high just south of it, fill a large part of the horizon in a direction north of east. The two mountains are about fifteen miles from the town.

The trip to the cave, from which the climb of Orizaba is made, is a very beautiful one. The road, or trail (it is half-way between the two) goes on a gentle up-grade to the suburb of San Francisco, passing at one place through a narrow cut, whose vertical walls are spanned by masonry aqueducts. Then rolling, cultivated country is crossed,

until, five miles from San Andrés, the trail suddenly plunges into a fragrant pine forest. This forest deserves the name, being composed of trees over seventy feet in height and growing just far enough apart to give them room for symmetrical development. There is an occasional oak, and higher up firs are sprinkled among the pines. Here and there gray, aloe-like air-plants with pink blossoms cling high up on the trunks and branches. The forest begins at 9,500 feet and timber line is at 13,500.

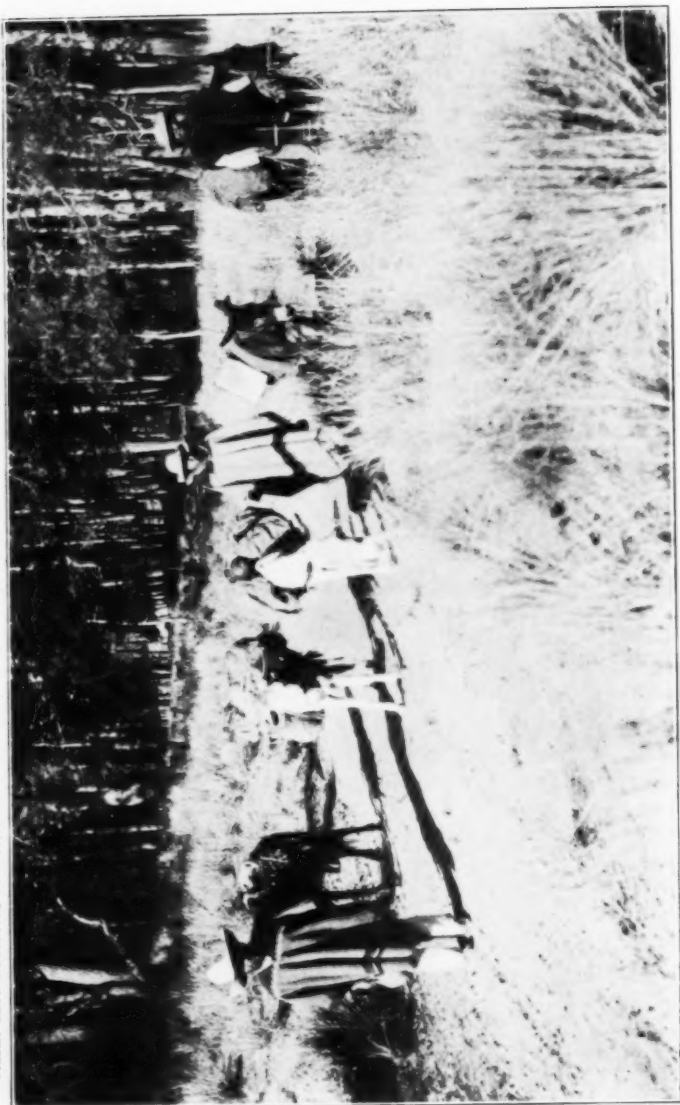
The trail proceeds with a gentle grade straight for the mountain, whose shining peak is seen now and then over the tree-tops. Gradually it becomes steeper, though never steep enough to necessitate zigzags. The forest continues much the same nearly to timber line, above which the whole landscape is gray, save for the white triangle of snow above. The trail comes out on the saddle between the snow-peak and Cerro Negro, and there below, on the other side lies the "Hot Country"—not, as you might suppose, a sunburnt plain, but range after range of blue and purple mountains, stretching away to the southeast as far as the eye can reach and melting off into the paler blues of the tropic Mexican sky.

The cave, which is a small one and has none of the comforts and luxuries described in *Swiss Family Robinson*, is situated to the left of the trail, in the last group of pines that grow on the east side of a recent lava flow. There are several similar lava flows on this side of the mountain. Instead of cutting channels, like rivers of water, these rivers of rock remain as flat-topped ridges, with nearly constant width and thickness throughout their length.

A chilly two hours' ride awaits the ambitious climber, with a start before dawn after the night in the cave. Fifteen thousand feet is about as high as a horse feels like going with a man on his back, and the rest of the climb is a steady pull. At sea-level it would be easy, but here just one-half the earth's atmosphere is below us.



PICO DE ORIZABA, APRIL, 1911.



RETURNING FROM PICO DE ORIZABA.

Whether the climb is over snow or over rocks and gravel, depends on the time of year.

Orizaba, being a real volcano, is of course provided with a crater at the top, which, instead of being round, is shaped like a fat and much curved comma. It is much smaller than the crater of Popocatepetl, and, in order to see the bottom one needs to be let down by a rope, because the sides are sloping at first and then dipped to the perpendicular.

When the weather is good the view in all directions is the finest to be had in Mexico. To the southeast lie mountain ranges, high in reality, though low by comparison, as far as the eye can reach. Far away on the east, lies the gulf, sparkling in the sunlight. To the north are pine-covered mountains and on the west and southwest is the level valley of Puebla, about 7500 feet above the sea. In the middle of the valley rises a sharp peak called Malinzin, and on the far side are Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl, beautiful and wonderful from whatever side you see them, because of the snow-covered whiteness of the one, and the height and symmetry of the other.

## STEVENSON AND CALIFORNIA\*

BY CORNELIUS BEACH BRADLEY.

*Mr. President and Members of the Stevenson Fellowship:* The intimate and personal interest I take in the little sheaf of Stevenson's Californian papers I cannot wholly account for by the fact that I am a loyal Californian, long rooted in this soil, and familiar both with the human types of our State and with the features and moods of her physical beauty. Nor can I account for it by the added fact that I am a student and admirer of the literary art which Stevenson has so happily employed in illustrating these things. Both these sources of interest I have, but both enhanced and heightened by a sense of having somehow been brought very really within the personal spell and charm of Stevenson's life. The man himself I never knew, nor even saw. But she who was to become the loving companion and solace of all his later years was a patron of the school in which I was then serving my apprenticeship. Her son, whose name was destined to be coupled with Stevenson's own in literary labor and in fame, and her daughter—afterward Mrs. Strong—were daily attendants in the classes there; while "Joe" Strong himself, the future artist and son-in-law, a lad all unconscious of impending fate, had for years been living in the face of our staid and precise Oakland community a most interesting and joyous life of perpetual picnic—father and brothers and goats, and photographic wagon and gaunt gray mare, forming with him as picturesque a group of Bohemians as one could wish to see. And in that school "Joe" learned the secret of that good fellowship and those

\*Response to a toast at a banquet in honor of Stevenson's birthday. Reprinted from the *University of California Chronicle*, Vol. XI, No. 2. Revised by the author for the *SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN*.



mysteries of the camper's art for which he is so worthily immortalized in the "Silverado Squatters." Even the yacht *Casco*, which was to bear Stevenson far away to Southern seas, was a familiar craft in our waters, and one on which I myself in those days had the pleasure of a cruise. Of the scenes of his sojourn here and the themes of his writing, Monterey was of course familiar, as it is to all old Californians; while St. Helena was the very first of Californian mountains that I ever climbed, and that some years before Stevenson's encampment there. It is but the other day that I climbed it again "for auld lang syne"—and Stevenson's sake.

A new physical region like California, and a new society like that which grew up here, demand the vision and the interpretive power of strangers to enable its people to see and to understand either themselves or their surroundings. The active participant in the organization of such a society is far too much engrossed and immersed in action to discern the real features and quality of the life he is shaping; nor has he time or inclination to muse on the scenery and appointments of the stage on which he is acting his part. All our real knowledge is knowledge of differences. Eyes that look out forever on the same scenes are the least likely to know those scenes in their inner essence and reality. The ocean of air in which we live and move and have our being has for us neither taste nor smell. We cannot know its savor at all, not because it has none, but because it is the fundamental and omnipresent savor—the basis by variation from which all other savors are distinguished and discerned. Nor are we in the slightest degree aware of the enormous weight and pressure with which it bears on our physical frames. In like manner, because of its very familiarity to us, the real quality of Californian scenery and of Californian life had to be distinguished and interpreted for us by others before we could rightly understand and grasp it ourselves.

It is a remarkable succession of these interpreters,

gifted in various lines, which California has had from the pre-Californian days of Dana's voyage down to the present time. Not all have been actually strangers and foreigners here. Some, like Bret Harte, were actually participants, yet able amid the turmoil and bustle to preserve a detachment of spirit brought with them from elsewhere. Some even native born have been able to attain the necessary detachment through life for a time in other surroundings. Some, like Muir and Keith, have been no transient visitors—have loved us so well that they have taken us for better or for worse, and are Californians of the Californians forever more. Nor are they all writers. Some, like Yelland and Keith, are our foremost masters of color and form. But, with whatever exceptions, apparent or real, the broad fact remains that to the insight of strangers are we chiefly indebted for the revelation of California to ourselves and to the world. To them are we indebted more than we can ever know, not only for the joy we feel in the splendor of our earth and sky, the stately procession of our seasons, the majesty of our frowning mountains, the brightness of our flowing waters, the grandeur of our solemn forests, the loveliness of the flowers that carpet our hills and plains—but beyond these, for the charm and perennial interest which invest human life here of whatever degree or station, and for the hopes which like bright auroral dreams light up our vision of the future.

It is not my intention to detain you this evening with any extended comparison and criticism of the numerous workers in this broad field. Many of them are already forgotten. Many whose work still lives are for various reasons not available for comparison with Stevenson. The Southern Californians, for example, seem to form a class by themselves, dealing with a province distinct in climate, in physical features, and in its life, and appealing to a different temperament. Their California is not ours. The poets, too, belong to another world, the world of fancy and imagination. They rarely condescend to

draw us a portrait of the actual world about them. The novelists concern themselves more than do the poets with the real form and circumstance of life, but only incidentally—as a means and not as an end. What they want is the *impression* of reality, and this they often attain in surprising degree with little or no personal knowledge of the scenes they describe.

Leaving then all these, and coming now to those who have directly addressed themselves to portraying the life and scenery of our California, and confining ourselves to the foremost names—whom do we find? For the earlier fiercer period of the rude physical conquest of the land, Bret Harte and Mark Twain for Californian life, with Clarence King for its mountain scenery and setting. For the later and more settled period of its humanization, Charles Warren Stoddard for the life, with John Muir, Yelland, and Keith for its landscape and setting. These are the men with whom Stevenson may be fairly compared. The work of that earlier group made a profound impression upon the world, and had an enormous vogue. Like the "Sturm und Drang" period which it celebrated, and like the life it endeavored to portray, it was weird and wild, full of fierce contrasts and contradictions,—it was sentimental, bizarre, melodramatic. So far, perhaps, its quality was justified as a reflection from its subject. But its sensationalism was so extreme, so deficient in the sanity and poise which belong to all great art, that not all its wonderful force could ever quite succeed in giving to the scenes it depicted any deep and abiding sense of reality. Already its tales read like romances of some impossible, some mythical age. Even Clarence King's famous mountaineering seems to those who have camped on his trail almost as unreal as Tartarin's.

Stevenson's Californian papers bulk far less than the work of any of these men. They are little more than specimens of what he might have done, had he found his home here rather than in the Southern seas. They have won us by no such sensational appeal. They have crept into

our homes and our hearts almost unnoticed. But their clear, steady vision, their simplicity, their power of sympathetic interpretation, their delicate and masterly art, place them in quite another category than those.

The second period was the period of conscious organization,—the beginnings and development of permanent institutions and social life. It was a period of immense importance and varied interest, still little trammelled by convention, and filled with vivid memories and traditions of its own more picturesque and more turbulent past; but aspiring now to a more rational self-consciousness, and eagerly welcoming whatever might contribute to that end. Its serious business was, very largely, taking account of stock. Its chief literary activity was no longer creative, but scientific and statistical, displaying itself in an eager search for all historical data which might throw light on its new origin, and for a science which should put it into rational possession of its own fair earthly heritage. It was the period typified, let us say, by Bancroft's *Histories* and the *Geological Survey*. Its product, therefore, was not primarily literature, but rather the raw material of literature out of which our present ephemera of novels and short stories are so largely constructed. This lull in literary production during the 70's and 80's was frequently remarked upon at the time, and will be easily recalled by all who knew California in those days. Yet there was a group of men who were not unmindful of their high calling—poets all of them, though in different kind: Sill, Keith, Yelland, Muir, Charles Warren Stoddard; and into this group by accident of fate for one brief season came Stevenson. His coming here was indeed an accident, but not the genius which guided and shaped him so surely for his place beside these men. Nor is it an accident that of those five distinguished Californian artists three were Scotchmen, and that Stevenson makes the fourth in the group of six. Recall what Matthew Arnold has said about the magic power and charm in dealing with nature which the Celtic strain has brought

into English literature—a charm quite unknown to our prosaic Anglo-Saxon temperament, and equally foreign to the Norman genius for government and affairs—recall this, and be glad that so large an infusion of Celtic genius went into the making of our nascent Californian art.

These six I have named as well known and typical, not meaning thereby to exclude any others who rightfully may claim to stand beside them. But this group, however constituted, it pleases me to think of as the original Stevenson Fellowship, of which your own organization is the loyal and worthy continuator, maintaining as they did, in the face of an unbelieving time, the old faith in noble ideals, the old tradition of the high calling of art, and the old love of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

Permit me to glance for a moment at the differing genius of these men, and at the relation between Stevenson's work and theirs. Sill was the true poet, with far-reaching and unifying vision which refuses to be confined to the provincial and local aspects of life. No considerable portion of his works is distinctly Californian in subject and treatment. In this he stands apart from the rest, who are all artists in *genre*. Muir and Keith, *nobile par fratrum*, hard-headed canny Scots on the one side of them, rhapsodists and religious mystics on the other; self-taught artists both, devoted to landscape and mountains; both in their highest moments laying upon heart and imagination a marvelous spell of mystery, tenderness, and awe, with an aerial uplift of phantasy which suffuses the whole like an atmosphere! Yelland gives us more exactly the outward form and aspect of the things he sees, and with a certain unfailing dignity and eloquence; but he rarely rises into the realm of poetic illusion. Stoddard, like Yelland, bears the distinct impress of his time, and all its concern for exact knowledge and truthful record. But both are artists, and their record of fact is suffused with a tender grace of the heart which raises it far above all the prosy head-work which filled that period. The grace which invests Stoddard's work is the grace of

tender memories. Much—perhaps most—of his best work is really personal reminiscence taking shape long after the events. And beyond the range of his own recollection, he summons the help of history and tradition, that he may reach ever farther and farther into that romantic and stirring past which once sat enthroned where now the prosy and vulgar present is driving its sordid bargains. The light of other days is almost the only sunshine which warms his canvas. This note it is which gives the characteristic—almost feminine—touch to so much of Stoddard's work.

To Stevenson, California afforded no such background of memories. Here he could write only of what he saw immediately before him. In this he is like the painters, who can put no yesterday and no to-morrow into their pictures. But what a treasure of interest he found in the passing moment! How keen and sure was the vision of those eyes, and how true the skill that recorded it! How unfailing the kindliness and good humor, the cheerful courage, the unfeigned human interest in all that went on about him! How surprising that the long torment of his journey hither, added to the weakness and pain of wasting disease, should have left no gloom in his heart to dim the splendor of that sunrise on San Francisco Bay, or the glory of that starlit drive on St. Helena, or the witchery of the forest-aisles of Monterey where silence becomes audible through the deep, thrilling, ever-present murmur of the sea! And then the kindly shrewdness and quiet humor of the human types he has sketched: the hunter's family, the children of Israel, the "brither Scot" who remembered how when a child his father had put him inside the grim mouth of Mons Meg, the Mexican, the Indian,—and his grave concern as to the outcome for these last in the presence of our aggressive American civilization.

Stevenson's writing on California was least in amount of all the work we have been considering. It is scanty indeed as compared with the total mass of his own writ-

ing. None of it, moreover, was of that creative order by which Stevenson's name is to endure in the world. But it is pure literature, sane and sound as the heart that made it, and of the very best of its kind ever attempted here. We are eager and proud to claim him as our own. Short as was his sojourn with us, for him it was momentous, fateful, in a certain sense determining all his subsequent career; and for us memorable as the visit of an angel whom we entertained unawares,—an angel who, as he left us, bore away with him gifts which he never ceased to prize as the most precious things in his life, and who, as a souvenir of his visit, sent us from afar this little casket of gems which not even the splendor of his greater works can make us Californians undervalue. And this gift draws us by a stronger compulsion than is laid on any others of our countrymen to love and admire that gentle spirit whom long trial proved to be

"One equal temper of heroic heart,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."



## EARLY SUMMER BIRDS IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

BY J. GRINNELL.

When the visitor first enters Yosemite Valley along the stage road from El Portal his attention is wholly absorbed by the grandeur and variety of the scenery. Even the habitual bird-observer is distracted from his favorite objects of scrutiny; and doubtless this accounts for my own impression at the end of my first day in the Yosemite, that birds were few in species and individuals. But as the days go by, and the wonder inspired by the roaring waterfalls and towering cliffs begins to sink into the commonplace, the faculties become freed for the contemplation of various other natural features of the region, and these among both plants and animals present themselves in multifarious plenitude. Each day's tramp, in whatever direction, brings additions to the observer's list of birds, until at the end of a ten days' stay an astonishing total is reached, especially as compared with that first impression. Then, too, certain places are discovered where particular species are to be found in notable numbers; so that the conclusion reached is that in abundance and variety of its bird life Yosemite is at the very least as well provided for as any other part of the West of similar climatic and floral qualifications.

In the immediate vicinity of any of the camps on the valley floor the bird which first gains the notice of the newly arrived observer is the Western robin—so like his relative of the Atlantic states, that only actual comparison of specimens suffices to distinguish them. Robins hop familiarly along the paths between the rows of tents, or dash in heedless flight close past the many people. Often a robin will permit an approach as close as ten feet, especially when foraging on the greensward of the meadows



among the tethered ponies. At times during the day one hears bursts of robin melody. But at early morning and late evening the robin chorus pervades far and wide what would otherwise be a nearly perfect stillness. The trite word "carol" to my mind and ear describes the robin's song satisfactorily; and several robins caroling at once furnish a type of bird music unapproached in pleasing quality by any other species that I have ever heard.

Robins have a difficult time to get settled for the night. While juncos and warblers become quiet before sundown and vanish from sight and hearing by early dusk, the robins have by then set up a din of wild cries intermingled with snatches of song. This is kept up until the gloom of the forest on the valley floor has settled into night, and only Glacier Point, Half Dome, and similar heights show a lingering reflection of the sunset sky. At daybreak the robins are again noisy, but for a much briefer period.

Another bird attracted rather than repelled by the populous village of tents is the black-headed grosbeak, here the boldest member of the finch tribe. Scraps from our table are his for the gathering, and he flies in his quest almost within arm's length of us. But all the while his air is alertness incarnate, and the least offensive movement on any one's part sends him off with a flash—black, white, and tan. One must put into practice the well-known art which has been learned by the successful observer of wary birds—wear a constant appearance of absolute indifference, move deliberately, and at the same time watch intently. The black-headed grosbeak is of loud rollicking voice, and sings at all times of the day. He does not range above the valley floor; in fact, he is one of the lower-zone birds, found also down to sea level, and here associates with the many other birds peculiar to the yellow-pine belt of the Sierra. We watched a female grosbeak nest-building in a blossoming chokecherry thicket close to Stoneman Bridge, May 24th.

A bird to be heard oftener than seen is the Cassin vireo, also a frequenter of human environs. Its song is

of several accentuated notes, so modulated as to suggest a query, and at the proper and measured interval, its reply. This dignified and emphatic refrain resounds rather loudly through the incense cedars and black oaks, forming an appropriate accompaniment for the shrill songs of the warblers.

This is surely a paradise for the warblers, using this last term in the restricted sense as designating a certain family of small foliage-frequenting birds. No less than eight species were in evidence on the valley floor, all doubtless nesting, though not all in exactly the same places. The "rare" hermit warbler, with yellow head and black throat, was not rare at all in certain stretches of young yellow pines and black oaks. One was seen hurriedly gathering nest material from the roadside; but she laid her zigzag course too far off among the trees to be followed successfully, and we had to give her up. The hoarse-toned drawl of the black-throated gray warbler indicated its presence wherever the dense-foliaged golden oaks clothe the talus slopes, as up the Yosemite Falls trail.

Audubon warblers were as common high in the lodge-pole pines of Eagle Peak Meadows and Little Yosemite as on the valley floor, and thus bore the distinction of ranging through as great an altitude as the golden pileolated warbler, which we saw in the willow thickets on the Happy Isles trail, and in a patch of leafless poplars close to snow-banks in Eagle Peak Meadows, 3000 feet above. The California yellow warbler adhered closely to the deciduous trees of the valley floor, though contrariwise the only nest we found was in a young incense cedar. The MacGillivray warbler was found only in the willow thickets and fern patches on the valley floor. One Western yellowthroat was closely observed, May 29th, at the margin of a meadow near Stoneman Bridge.

The find productive of intensest delight was a nesting site of the Calaveras warbler. Several of the birds were seen, always along the foot of the cliffs, and one day,

May 26th, as the result of a hasty scanning of a boulder's mossy face, a bit of something out of order was perceived. And this tuft of yellowed grass ends, standing out in contrast against the green and olive, proved to be a part of the rim of a nest deeply ensconced in a fissure of the rock, which fissure was everywhere else smoothed over with the moss matting. The nest held five delicately dotted eggs.

On a later visit we surprised the bird on the nest, but she slipped off slyly and disappeared, as she must have at the time we first discovered the nest. We remained around until the bird's anxiety overcame her shyness, and we finally obtained excellent views at close range of both birds. Also their excited notes of alarm, brought other species, out of curiosity or sympathy, and we were afforded the sight of both ruby-crowned and golden-crowned kinglets in the same tree overhead—so similar in colors and manners, but so totally different in voice.

This reference prompts me to dwell upon the wonderful loudness of the song, or a portion of the song, of the ruby-crown, for the size of the bird. One often hears this clear, unmistakable whistle shrill out across a cañon from some distant silver fir with distinctness that is startling, and which fully warrants the novice in looking for a much larger bird.

The brilliantly plumed bird of the valley is the Western tanager, not at all wary and present in numbers. The yellow body and red head form a color combination which prevents confusion with an oriole or a goldfinch, neither of which low-zone birds, by the way, were found by us in the valley. A tanager's nest, in process of construction on May 26th, was certainly beyond reach of any climbing depredator. Its site was the end of an outswaying branch of a Douglas spruce, fully sixty feet above the road; and to this the female was carrying building materials with total indifference to the presence of the spectators below.

The near vicinity of waterfalls and roaring cascades appeared to repel most birds, very few indeed seeming to enjoy their proximity. The blue-fronted jay with its tall crest and very dark hues, was one bird, however, which we saw close to both Vernal and Nevada falls, even in the spray-drenched trees at the very foot. The jays were noted elsewhere, too, though the silence which characterizes their nesting season doubtless led to our considering them less common than was really the case.

We wondered if it were not the continual noise of the cataracts that rendered their neighborhood objectionable to birds of song, like vireos, robins, warblers, and thrushes. At any rate these were seldom or never seen in such localities. Still, one bird of song, the water-ouzel, disported itself with frequent bursts of melody right in the spray of roaring rapids. And we were fortunate to locate two winter wrens, both close to the raging torrent below Vernal Falls. A stroke of still better luck was our finding the nest of one of the winter wrens. This nest was a globular affair of green moss in a tangle of fine roots dangling beneath the butt of a prostrate log, twenty feet from the main stream and directly over a small tributary. By the use of a mirror to throw a beam of light up under the dark log, we were able to make out the nest opening and the mouths of four small young which gaped wide when the parent bird brought them food. The mother showed little fear of us, and despite our manipulations in trying to get pictures, continued her breathless endeavor to bring green larvæ and millers and crane-flies enough to satisfy the mouths.

There was but the one parent, and we thought it possible that some hungry trout, of which we saw two lurking in the stream which dashed but thirteen inches beneath the nest, had gobbled up her mate. A winter wren is certainly not too large to make a comfortable mouthful for a fair-sized trout with a full-sized appetite!

The following list of fifty-five birds contains only those species recognized with certainty by the writer and his wife, and within the valley proper, or along its walls as high as Eagle Peak, or in Little Yosemite. The period of observation extended from May 22d to June 1, 1911; at least half of each day was spent in tramping about, though the much-traveled trails were tabooed as far as practicable.

The beginning bird student will find adequate descriptions of all these birds, and additional ones which will doubtless be found to occur in the valley, in Bailey's "Handbook of Birds of the Western United States," (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1904).

1. Spotted Sandpiper. *Actitis macularius*.
2. Mountain Quail. *Oreortyx picta plumifera*.
3. Sierra Grouse. *Dendragapus obscurus sierræ*.
4. Band-tailed Pigeon. *Columba fasciata*.
5. Mourning Dove. *Zenaidura macroura carolinensis*.
6. Golden Eagle. *Aquila chrysaetos*.
7. Belted Kingfisher. *Ceryle alcyon*.
8. Cabanis Woodpecker. *Dryobates villosus hyloscopus*.
9. White-headed Woodpecker. *Xenopicus albolarvatus*.
10. Northern Pileated Woodpecker. *Phlæotomus pileatus abieticola*.
11. California Woodpecker. *Melanerpes formicivorus bairdi*.
12. Red-shafted Flicker. *Colaptes cafer collaris*.
13. White-throated Swift. *Aeronautes melanoleucus*.
14. Calliope Hummingbird. *Stellula calliope*.
15. Olive-sided Flycatcher. *Nuttallornis borealis*.
16. Western Wood Pewee. *Myiochanes richardsoni*.
17. Western Flycatcher. *Empidonax difficilis*.
18. Traill Flycatcher. *Empidonax trailli*.
19. Wright Flycatcher. *Empidonax wrighti*.
20. Blue-fronted Jay. *Cyanocitta stelleri frontalis*.
21. Brewer Blackbird. *Euphagus cyanocephalus*.
22. California Purple Finch. *Carpodacus purpureus californicus*.
23. Pine Siskin. *Spinus pinus*.
24. White-crowned Sparrow. *Zonotrichia leucophrys*.
25. Western Chipping Sparrow. *Spizella passerina arizonæ*.
26. Sierra Junco. *Junco oreganus thurberi*.
27. Lincoln Sparrow. *Melospiza lincolni*.

28. Thick-billed Fox Sparrow. *Passerella iliaca megarhyncha*.
29. Spurred Towhee. *Pipilo maculatus megalonyx*.
30. Black-headed Grosbeak. *Zamelodia melanocephala*.
31. Lazuli Bunting. *Passerina amana*.
32. Western Tanager. *Piranga ludoviciana*.
33. Violet-green Swallow. *Tachycineta thalassina lepida*.
34. Western Warbling Vireo. *Vireosylva gilva swainsoni*.
35. Cassin Vireo. *Lanivireo solitarius cassini*.
36. Calaveras Warbler. *Vermivora rubricapilla gutturalis*.
37. California Yellow Warbler. *Dendroica aestiva brewsteri*.
38. Audubon Warbler. *Dendroica auduboni*.
39. Black-throated Gray Warbler. *Dendroica nigrescens*.
40. Hermit Warbler. *Dendroica occidentalis*.
41. MacGillivray Warbler. *Oporornis tolmiei*.
42. Western Yellow-throat. *Geothlypis trichas occidentalis*.
43. Golden Pileolated Warbler. *Wilsonia pusilla chryseola*.
44. Dipper or Water-Ouzel. *Cinclus mexicanus unicolor*.
45. Dotted Cañon Wren. *Catherpes mexicanus punctulatus*.
46. Western Winter Wren. *Nannus hiemalis pacificus*.
47. Sierra Creeper. *Certhia familiaris zelotes*.
48. Red-breasted Nuthatch. *Sitta canadensis*.
49. Slender-billed Nuthatch. *Sitta carolinensis aculeata*.
50. Mountain Chickadee. *Penthestes gambeli*.
51. Western Golden-crowned Kinglet. *Regulus satrapa olivaceus*.
52. Ruby-crowned Kinglet. *Regulus calendula*.
53. Russet-backed Thrush. *Hylocichla ustulata*.
54. Sierra Hermit Thrush. *Hylocichla guttata sequoiensis*.
55. Western Robin. *Planesticus migratorius propinquus*.

The following articles have been published relative to birds of Yosemite Valley:—

1893. Emerson, W. O. Random Bird-notes from Merced Big Trees and Yosemite Valley. *Zoe* IV, July, 1893, pp. 176-182.
  1898. Ray, M. S. A Summer Trip to Yosemite. *Osprey* III, December, 1898, p. 55.
  1904. Widmann, O. Yosemite Valley Birds. *Auk* XXI, January, 1904, pp. 66-73.
  1908. Keeler, C. A. Bird Life of Yosemite Park. *Sierra Club Bulletin* VI, January, 1908, pp. 245-254.
  1910. Torrey, B. The Western Winter Wren in the Yosemite. *Condor* XII, March, 1910, p. 79.
- Museum of Vertebrate Zoology, University of California, June 4, 1911.*

## SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

PUBLISHED JANUARY AND JUNE OF EACH YEAR.

Published for Members.

Annual Dues, \$3.00.

*The purposes of the Club are:—"To explore, enjoy, and render accessible the mountain regions of the Pacific Coast; to publish authentic information concerning them; to enlist the support and co-operation of the people and the Government in preserving the forests and other natural features of the Sierra Nevada Mountains."*

### ORGANIZATION FOR THE YEAR 1910-1911

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*Le Conte Memorial Lodge Committee.*—Mr. E. T. PARSONS (*Chairman*), Prof. J. N. LE CONTE, Miss LYDIA ATTERBURY.

*Librarian.*—Miss N. TAGGARD.



## REPORTS

### REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

MAY 7, 1910, TO MAY 6, 1911.

The Club's growth during the past year gives strongest evidence of healthy vitality. There was a net increase of 144 members during the year, the total membership now being 1,400. A total of 229 new members joined the Club and 85 were dropped from the list by reason of death, resignation, and non-payment of dues.

The Club purchased an addressograph since the membership list had become quite unwieldy, and this investment has proven a very considerable help to the Assistant Secretary. A small amount was spent on trail work and planting of golden trout. The cost of publishing the *BULLETIN* has increased so materially that the Directors are taking steps to keep this expense within bounds. In view of all this, the financial balance shown by the Treasurer's report is very satisfactory, since it indicates a slight gain over last year's balance.

The Club has been working actively on many matters of public interest. Among other things, it has urged the establishment of a National Monument to include the Devil's Post Pile and Rainbow Falls on the Middle Fork of the San Joaquin, the enlargement of the Sequoia National Park to include the wonderful region embraced by the headwaters of the Kings and Kern rivers, the creation of a Bureau of National Parks, and the preservation of Niagara Falls, etc. The National Monument will undoubtedly be established in the near future, the Sequoia Park project and the proposed Bureau of National Parks may take some time to attain, but are bound to prevail in the end, and while the legislation preserving the Niagara will not be all that was sought to be accomplished, its integrity seems assured for the next two years, and the Burton Bill will be extended for that length of time.

The Club was presented with several albums of very interesting photographs taken on the 1910 Outing, and Mr. M. H. McAllister donated a striking framed enlargement of a Mt. McKinley photograph, which now hangs in the Club Room. The thanks of the Club are extended to these generous donors.

The extensive and successful fish planting done last year in the High Sierra under the supervision of the Club in co-operation with the California Fish and Game Commission, is work that will



result in increasing pleasure to those who visit these regions in the future and will add tremendously to their attractions.

The local walks have become more and more popular under the able and enthusiastic management of the Committee on Local Walks, headed by Mr. Ernest J. Mott, Chairman. Climbs of Mts. Diablo and St. Helena were made during the spring and an excursion taken to the State Redwood Park. A winter excursion to Yosemite Valley proved a delightful experience to many. Some of the members in Los Angeles have become interested in having local walks in the south, and it is to be hoped that their efforts will meet with success.

The Club Outing this year to the Yosemite National Park has proved to be more popular than ever. On May 20th, when deposits were required to be paid, every place was filled and quite a long waiting list was made up of those anxious to secure possible vacancies. The Committee was forced to refuse a large number who subsequently applied. It is extremely regrettable that these could not be accommodated, but past experience has demonstrated that the success of the Outing depends upon strictly limiting the size of the party. If the popularity of these Outings increases with the growth of the Club, some means will have to be devised to accommodate all who may apply. Possibly two separate Outings may be the solution.

Respectfully submitted,

WM. E. COLBY, *Secretary.*

# REPORT OF THE TREASURER.

MAY 7, 1910, TO MAY 6, 1911.

## GENERAL FUND.

### Receipts.

Cash on hand May 6, 1910.....	\$1,925.19
Cash received from Wm. E. Colby, Secretary—	
Dues .....	\$3,919.02
Advertisements (June, 1910, part of January, 1911, BULLETIN) .....	445.00
Rent of Club Room .....	160.43
Sale of BULLETINS .....	17.00
Sale of Club Pins .....	37.80
Refund of <i>Appalachia</i> postage balance....	22.00
Interest on Savings deposits.....	29.55
	4,630.80
	<u>\$6,555.99</u>

*Expenditures.*

Publication of BULLETIN No. 42 .....	\$ 761.30	
Publication of BULLETIN No. 43 .....	1,101.37	
	<hr/>	\$1,862.67
Distribution of BULLETIN No. 42 .....	102.50	
Distribution of BULLETIN No. 43 .....	102.50	
	<hr/>	205.00
Cash advanced for mailing BULLETIN No. 42 to Appalachian Mountain Club .....		75.00
Salary of Assistant Secretary (12 mos.) .....		600.00
Rent of Room No. 402, Mills Building .....		360.00
Stamps, circulars, and stationery .....		519.03
Le Conte Lodge in Yosemite, salary custodian .....	\$105.00	
Addition to equipment .....	93.37	198.37
	<hr/>	
Equipment of room .....		191.64
Additions to library .....		22.70
Rental of telephone .....		64.05
Advertising expenses .....		98.75
Trail work in Sierra Nevada .....		97.50
Fish planting—Sierra Nevada .....		50.00
Local walks .....		56.90
Purchase of Club Pins .....		30.00
Public lecture .....		87.85
Express .....		35.32
Taxes, telegrams, and sundry small bills .....		32.95
	<hr/>	
Total expenditures .....		\$4,587.73
Cash on hand May 6, 1911:		
On deposit in First National Bank .....	\$1,153.71	
On deposit, Savings & Loan Society .....	424.44	
On deposit, Security Savings Bank .....	373.94	
Cash in Secretary's drawer .....	16.17	
	<hr/>	
Total cash on hand May 6, 1911, in general fund .....		\$1,968.26
	<hr/>	
		<u>\$6,555.99</u>

## PERMANENT FUND (LIFE MEMBERSHIPS).

On deposit in Security Savings Bank, May 6, 1910 .....	\$ 762.90
Interest accumulated during year .....	29.51
New life memberships during year .....	100.00

Total on deposit in Security Savings Bank, May, 1911.. \$ 892.41

Respectfully submitted, J. N. LE CONTE, Treasurer.

## REPORT OF LE CONTE MEMORIAL LODGE COMMITTEE.

During the summer of 1910 the Le Conte Memorial Lodge was open to the public from the middle of May until the first of August, and although the season was short, several hundred more visitors registered than in any previous year.

The books formerly belonging to Galen Clark's library and presented to the Sierra Club by Mr. George Fiske were installed at the Lodge.

The herbarium holder, subscription for which was started by Mr. Alden Sampson in 1909, was set up. Prof. C. B. Bradley kindly undertook to plan and oversee its construction, and a hundred specimens of the collection begun the previous summer were mounted and enclosed in envelopes with celluloid face, ready for exhibition. This exhibition of plants was extremely interesting to the visitors, but as one hundred plants, the capacity of the present holder, must fall short of even the popular plants of the Park, another holder is urgently needed.

The Club is greatly indebted to Mr. Charles D. Kellogg, the noted lecturer on birds, who during a visit to the valley most generously gave a lecture for the benefit of the lodge. The sum of eighty-six dollars was realized. This money will be spent for much needed furniture, to be known as the gift of Mr. Kellogg.

As the picking of flowers in the valley is rightly discouraged by the superintendent, Major Forsyth, a substitute for the flower exhibition formerly held was found in the beautiful collection of water-color studies of the flora of the park made by Miss Hutchinson, of Los Angeles. Through the kindness of Miss Hutchinson an exhibition of these studies was held and greatly enjoyed by all fortunate enough to come to the lodge during those days.

Persons taking trips to the outlying portions of the park often find it a hardship to return to the valley for supplies. Stations in Tuolumne Meadows and one or two other places in the northern portion of the park, where campers' supplies could be obtained would be of great service and also encourage the exploration of the higher altitudes. It is suggested to the Directors that the Sierra Club use its good offices in furthering the establishment of such supply stations, and also in the matter of marking trails and giving distances authoritatively.

Respectfully submitted,

E. T. PARSONS,

J. N. LE CONTE,

LYDIA ATTERBURY,

*Le Conte Memorial Lodge Committee.*

## NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

*In addition to longer articles suitable for the body of the magazine, the editor would be glad to receive brief memoranda of all noteworthy trips or explorations, together with brief comments and suggestions on any topics of general interest to the Club. Descriptive or narrative articles, or notes concerning the animals, birds, fish, forests, trails, geology, botany, etc., of the mountains, will be acceptable.*

*The office of the Sierra Club is Room 402 Mills Building, San Francisco, where all Club members are welcome, and where all the maps, photographs, and other records of the Club are kept.*

*The Club would like to secure additional copies of those numbers of the SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN which are noted on the back of the cover of this number as being out of print, and we hope any member having extra copies will send them to the Secretary.*

---

WILLIAM KEITH—Nov. 18, 1838—Apr. 13, 1911.

There are few members of the Sierra Club whose death could cause greater and more widespread grief than that of William Keith. He was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and died at his home in Berkeley. The greater part of his life was spent in California, and his paintings of the "California Alps," as he used to call the Sierra, are masterpieces. We have lost a master painter, but his wonderful work, which was the expression of his best rare qualities, is still with us and in that sense he is immortal. Our sincerest sympathy is extended to his widow. Mr. Keith was a charter member of the Sierra Club.

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WILLIAM RUSSELL DUDLEY—1849-1911.

The eminent botanist, William Russell Dudley, died at Stanford University on June 4th. He was born in Guilford, Connecticut, was a member of the faculty of Cornell University for sixteen years, and was connected with Stanford University since 1892. He was for many years a member of the Board of Directors of the Sierra Club, until failing health compelled him to resign. He attended some of the Club Outings and many of our members will recall his lovable personal qualities. He was very active in advancing the cause of Forestry in this State and the creation of the State Redwood Park was probably as much due to his influence and effort as to that of any other one person. We all feel his loss most keenly.

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## ROOSEVELT ON SCENIC BEAUTY.

On the occasion of the reception given to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt by the Faculty Club of the University of California a copy of Professor Willis Linn Jepson's book entitled "*The Silva of California*" was presented to the honored guest of the evening. The speech of presentation was made by Professor Bernard Moses, who spoke as follows:—

"My friends and colleagues, Mr. Roosevelt, wish me to give expression to the sentiments which you have inspired in them by your call to public righteousness and your efforts to conserve to us and our children the natural resources and the natural beauties of our country. They also wish me to give you this volume, by Mr. Jepson, on the forests of California.

"We of California, as all the world knows, are a modest folk. We seldom boast of our State; we only say very simply that the Lord never made a better land than this. But notwithstanding our modest reticence, we are proud of our heritage, our hills and valleys, our forests and mountains. We like our mountains, and are glad that no man can pull them down and put them on the market. We like our forests, but already the hand of the spoiler is stretched out towards them, and, unless resistance is offered, the glorious aisles of these nature temples, which no man built, may yet become the waste places of the universe.

"We are profoundly grateful to you, sir, for your efforts to stay the destruction of the spoiler. To you and to some of us, nature is something more than a mass of objects to be torn asunder, and to be gathered in heaps and sold. Nature presents an appeal to our sense of beauty; and, in the case of our magnificent forests, which stand in solemn grandeur, it awakens those higher sentiments akin to adoration. But every worship must have its books of devotion, and for us, in our devotion to the forests of California, one of our colleagues, Professor Jepson, has prepared this book for our guidance. In the name of this little company, in the name of the University, in the name of the author, whose work has conferred honor not only upon us and the University, but also upon the State which gave him birth, I beg leave to present this volume to you; and in doing so let me offer the wish of all of us, that your voice may continue to ring true yet these many years."

In his response Mr. Roosevelt began by expressing his thankfulness for the book. Turning over the pages and looking at the text and illustrations, he declared that it would be useful in telling him what he most desired to know about the forests of California. "This State," he said, "has been dowered with

beauty. If there is any country finer than California I do not know it. All the tones of nature are within its border. This country has glorious mountain ranges and valleys, splendid forests, great snow-peaks, the wonderful sequoias—and for all these things none of you deserve the slightest credit. (Applause and laughter.) The progress of true civilization is best shown by the increasing thought which each generation takes for the good of those who are to come after. You can ruin its forests, you can dry up its streams, you can hack and scar its surface until its marvelous beauty is gone. The preservation of the forest resources of this State, especially, is of vital importance to the commonwealth. I go farther. No State can be judged to be really civilized which in the treatment of its natural resources does not take account of, or aim to, preserve the beauty of the land in which its people live. An æsthetic as well as economic factor is involved in the problem of conservation. Poor, indeed, is the conservation which does not also conserve beauty.

"There is another matter of which I would like to speak in relation to the sequoias. Don't mutilate them. Don't let others mutilate them. Don't use them for advertising. I was amazed to see the trunks of the big trees at Santa Cruz covered with visiting and business cards. It seems inconceivably vulgar for a man to attach his worthless name by means of paste-board to these giants of the forest! In Egypt I actually once observed how a man had gone about with a pot of paint putting his name on the temples and pyramids. I wish I had been guardian of Egypt; I should have put him through a course in æsthetics by forced marches. I hope that this commonwealth will continue in the course it has taken and remain a watchful guardian of its natural resources and the beauty of its scenery."

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#### OLD TIoga ROAD TO BE ACQUIRED.

The following news item appeared in the daily press last April: "The Government brought suit in the United States Circuit Court yesterday to condemn an unused toll road in order to make it part of the new system of roads through the Yosemite National Park. The road begins at Crockers station, Tuolumne County, and extends through a corner of Mariposa County into Bennettville, Mono County. It was built in 1883 by the Great Sierra Consolidated Silver Mining Company, and is fifty-six miles long. When the mines ceased to operate in 1892 the road was allowed to fall into disuse. W. C. N. Swift, as successor to the company's claims, is named as defendant."



NORTH DOME, ROYAL ARCHES, WASHINGTON COLUMN, HALF DOME, YOSEMITE, SIERRA CLUB CAMP-SITE, 1911,  
SHOWS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE MERCED RIVER.

Photograph by Pillsbury Picture Company.



UNVEILING THE STEVENSON MONUMENT, MT. ST. HELENA, MAY 7, 1911.



## DEDICATION OF STEVENSON MEMORIAL.

Professor Glenn Allen has furnished us with the following account of the establishment of a Stevenson Memorial on Mt. St. Helena:

"The first step taken in the work of erecting a tablet to mark the site of the cabin where Robert Louis Stevenson lived on Mt. St. Helena, began two years ago, during Mrs. Percy S. King's second term as president of the New Century Club, of Napa. About that time the members of the New Century Club voted, in order to expedite their work, and to diffuse interest in different directions, of their large membership, to form sections. One of the five sections then formed was the History and Landmarks Section, which at once became popular with the members, and also the pioneers of Napa. Mrs. P. S. King named Mrs. P. F. Powers as chairman, and she selected Mrs. A. C. Johnson as her secretary. In November, 1909, outlined plans, with other material, including a strong editorial from the *St. Helena Star* "urging that steps be taken to mark this spot," were read and approved by the History and Landmarks members. The Secretary soon had the necessary letters written, permission was obtained from the Pattens and Lawleys on Mt. St. Helena, and the work began in earnest.

"Garden parties and teas started the fund, a Stevenson program was given at the New Century Club; then came the united assistance of the other clubs in Napa County, and success was assured.

"The following clubs gave their support: Napa Study Club, Browns Valley Woman's Improvement Club, St. Helena Woman's Improvement Club, Calistoga Civic Club, and the Dramatic Section of the New Century Club, of Napa. The upper portion of this memorial tablet is a pink Scotch granite book, on which is inscribed: "This tablet placed by the Club Women of Napa County marks the site of the cabin occupied in 1880 by Robert Louis Stevenson and bride while he wrote 'The Silverado Squatters.'"

On the opposite page is a quotation from Stevenson's poem "In Memoriam," and because of his early death and his wonderful nature it seemed especially fitting to him:—

"Doomed to know not Winter, only Spring, a being  
Trode the flowery April blithely for a while,  
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,  
Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile."

—R. L. S.

The principal address at the dedication of the monument was

delivered by Mr. Alexander McAdie, Vice-President of the Sierra Club. He spoke as follows:

*"Ladies and Gentlemen:* I am sorry that the President of the Club, Mr. John Muir, is not here to honor the occasion and pay a lasting tribute to the genius of his fellow-countryman. He is on his way to South America; but I feel sure he would want me to express his regret at not being present; and to say that we feel his spirit is present on this occasion.

*"If you offer a Scotsman a sprig of heather, he at once unbends. It matters not how repressed and self-contained he may have been before, he now becomes gracious, genial and, if the thing were possible for a Scot, loquacious. He recognizes in the token, evidence of a kinship of feeling; he knows that the things he has been taught to hold precious will be likewise dear to you. Something of the same kind happens when a stranger speaks well of the fog in the presence of a San Franciscan. For these dwellers in the Bay valleys love their fog and he who speaks kindly of it, when so many disparage, wins at once a way to their affection. And as no one ever wrote more charmingly of the sea-fogs than Robert Louis Stevenson, it goes without saying that he is dear to the people who live near the Great Gate where rolls the fog in stately strength and beauty.*

*"You will recall one never-to-be-forgotten morning here at Silverado when the fog rolled in. In two jumps he was out of bed and on the platform: 'Far away,' he says, 'were hill-tops like little islands. Nearer, a smoky surf beat about the foot of precipices and poured into all the coves of these rough mountains. The color of that fog ocean was a thing never to be forgotten. For an instant among the Hebrides and just about sun-down, I have seen something like it on the sea itself. But the white was not so opaline, nor was there, what surprisingly increased the effect, that breathless, crystal stillness over all. Even in its gentlest moods, the salt sea travails, moaning among the weeds or lispings on the sands; but that vast ocean of fog lay in a trance of silence, nor did the sweet air of the morning tremble with a sound.'*

*"Stevenson came naturally by his love of the mists, clouds and fogs and all out-of-doors life. He was born in that*

*"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,*

*Land of the mountain and the flood. . . .'*

*and his fellow townsman, Sir Walter might have added*

*"Land of engineers and much east wind.'*

*"Our fogs were kinder to Stevenson than the fogs of his native land; and perhaps if he could have remained here under somewhat more favorable conditions, his health would have been*

re-established. But be that as it may; from here he saw the fog from *above*; elsewhere he saw it from *below*. Who shall say that he did not gain inspiration therefrom, enabling him to see humanity, likewise from a high vantage ground. Certainly he knew the dull and sombre side of life: and just as certainly did he try to show the bright, romantic and hopeful side of existence.

"As the sun brightens the world, so let our loving kindness make bright this house of our habitation."

"There speaks a man who saw the good side of his fellowmen and sought to make them gentler by the contagion of his own unselfishness.

"Stevenson lived, back in the 80's at 608 Bush Street, within a stone's throw almost of the building where the Sierra Club has its rooms. It is not of record that he ever went on one of our outings; but literature would have been the richer by one rare volume had he gone. His pen would have done justice to the grandeur of crag and pass and meadow. The stern-faced cliffs that color so warmly in the morning light, as if behind the granite features yearned kindly, human souls; the blackness of night under the pines, the stillness of noonday in the forests, the nearness of the eternal stars: these would have appealed to him.

"He would have delighted in the camp and its drolleries. You recall that in the "Amateur Emigrant" he defines the difference between the Intermediate and the Steerage passengers. The former paid a little more; and had the privilege of saying whether they preferred tea to coffee, though as far as Stevenson could decide after trial there was no difference in the two. Well, we Sierrans have seen our tea made in coffee pots and our coffee in the wash-boiler. And many a time we have not even had the privilege of saying which we preferred. Then again Intermediate Emigrants had tables to eat from while the Steerage had none. In this respect the Sierra Club is distinctly in the steerage.

"Stevenson's life in San Francisco was at once both sad and hopeful. He was out of his proper setting and out-at-the-elbows in health. He came so near dying that he composed his epitaph, which later in a somewhat modified form appeared as the well-known requiem—

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill."

"In that first rough draft of his own estimate of himself, his final, as it seemed to him at the time, review of the book of life, Stevenson included these words, 'of a family of engineers.' Yes, there were engineers in his family and in his race. Watt and Rankine and Thomson and a host of level-headed, far-seeing master minds who harnessed the expansive power of water-vapor

so that the winds and the sea bar not man's progress nor stay his passage round the world. The same processes that work in the steam engine operate in the clouds, and looking up into the sky, this "winged creature that would vanish to the uttermost isle" and yet sprung from a family of engineers, hard, practical, but who shall say unromantic men, must have seen in the clouds the unharnessed forces of nature, and likened himself to the inconsequential mist driven and drifting before the wrathful winds. Some suggestion of his own human restlessness must have come from these high wanderers. Ships of that greater sea, sailing an unsounded, uncharted, boundless ocean of overhead blue, like one of these he felt himself to be. At times scraping along under a jury mast, again carrying topgallant sails. Driven by favoring or adverse winds, he came at last to pleasant ports.

"Ever these words written in the loneliness of his stay in that crowded, gay and thoughtless city that we barely see from here, far on the southern horizon, ring in our ears, and perhaps best tell the purpose and ambition of his life: 'Can I make some one happier this day before I lie down to sleep?'"

"We are grateful to the ladies of the united Ladies' Clubs of Napa County that they have placed this stone to commemorate the happy hours of the honeymoon spent here. I must also mention the full measure of service given by Mr. Daniel Patten, who gave the site and whose hands placed many of the stones here set, and to his able helpmate, busy at this moment that others may enjoy, and to Mr. Newman for the design, and Mr. Miller for the work done in setting the stone.

"Far in the West where lie the isles of the Pacific there he made a home. And the islanders who looked up to him as clansmen do to a chief, said, when the pen dropped from his hand and the day's work was done, 'Tofa Tusitala' (Sleep, Tusitala).

"We can say no more. Gladly he lived, he laid him down with a will, he earned rest; and the memory of the man and his work is as bright as the sunshine and as beautiful as the clouds."

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#### SUGGESTION FOR 1911 OUTING.

Professor Harold C. Bradley writes from Madison, Wisconsin:

"I am much interested in your trip for the summer [the Sierra Club Outing], and cannot refrain from making one suggestion. I notice the itinerary leads from Tuolumne Meadows to Benson Lake via Matterhorn Cañon. It passes near a peak which commands one of the most comprehensive views of the entire region. That is Doghead Peak just east of Tallulah Lake and but a short distance off the main trail as it swings west from Wilson Creek. The peak can almost be climbed on horseback by following up

Wilson Creek, and it commands the whole wide sweep of the crest to the north, east, and south, from the peaks at the head of the Stanislaus, down along the sawteeth at the heads of the cañons within the park, across to the Sawtooth Range and Matterhorn, Dunderberg, Dana, Conness, Lyell, Ritter and Banner, and beyond to the south. From it the walls and domes of Yosemite are visible, the wall of the Grand Cañon, Hetch Hetchy, and glimpses of the lowlands in between. I know of no single peak which stands so thoroughly in the middle of things as this Doghead fellow. He will repay anyone for the climb."

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AN EARLY ASCENT OF MT. WHITNEY.

Mr. Carl Rabe of Oakland made one of the earliest ascents of Mt. Whitney on record. This was on September 25, 1873, when he was attached to the State Geological Survey. He left San Francisco for Owens Valley in company with Mr. Belshaw. They took two sets of instruments and two barometers. The following extract from an account of his experiences furnished to the editor of the *SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN* is interesting:

"We went first to Cerro Gordo, where three or four days were spent in comparing the barometers and making preparations for the trip. I then returned to Lone Pine, where I left one of the barometers with R. A. Loomis, who agreed to take half-hourly observations from 10 A. M. till 2 P. M. for three consecutive days, viz., the 6th, 7th, and 8th of September, respectively, at Lone Pine. On the morning of the 4th of September I started for Mt. Whitney, accompanied by W. L. Hunter, William Crapa, and Mr. McDonnell, all of them from Cerro Gordo.

"We followed from Lone Pine the Hockett trail up the steep and often precipitous slopes of the eastern front of the Sierra; across the summit of Long Valley we left the trail, and turning northerly over a hilly region covered with loose granitic sand and boulders, we found ourselves, after a few miles travel, in the bottom of the deep cañon of a branch of the Kern River, which heads at the southwestern base of the peak that has been so long mistaken for Mt. Whitney, viz., Sheep Mountain. We were obliged to travel down this cañon southwesterly for several miles through boggy meadows, thickets of willow, and among fallen trees and large boulders, before we could find a place to climb out of it on the northern side. Judging from the masses of debris which are scattered about, the snowslides here would appear to have been frequent and heavy. We at length succeeded in getting out of the cañon and making our way for a few miles further over the rugged country to the north.

"After about twenty miles' travel from Long Valley, involving a very hard day's work for our animals, we camped the

evening of the 5th at 5:30 P. M., at no great distance from the base of Mt. Whitney. At this camp, which was perhaps fifty feet below the timber line, the barometer at 6 P. M. read 20.440 inches. On the next day, September 6th, we left camp at 6:30 A. M. and reached the base of Mt. Whitney itself at 7:30 A. M. It was not yet apparent how we were to climb this colossal peak.

"But following my companions in silence, and keeping a sharp lookout ahead, I at last spied a crevice going up among the crags which seemed to offer a way. This crevice appeared to be about 10 feet wide, with a slope of some 45 degrees. Keeping to the larger boulders, I slowly worked my way through it. All around me, in wild confusion, lay the wrecks of avalanches. Taking a rest I saw my companions making with full speed for the summit. There are some six or eight of these crevices to be passed in succession, and this is undoubtedly the hardest portion of the ascent. It is best to keep to the larger boulders on account both of ease and safety. For one is liable to dislodge the smaller ones; and the slope is so steep that when one is started it is liable to carry others in its train. I found the ascent, though not particularly dangerous, extremely laborious and very slow.

"Below the altitude of 10,000 feet it went pretty easily, but the last 4,000 feet demanded, of me at least, frequent stoppages to get breath. I felt relieved always after stopping a few minutes; but the sensation of relief lasted only a very short time, and after a few steps more of climbing I had to stop again to get breath. Thus the higher I got the slower I went. All of us reached the summit one after another. I was the second last, McDonnell being the last. On the summit all looked rather tired. I felt dull and heavy and a little sleepy. I did not desire to eat anything. All had their eyes more or less bloodshot. The blood settled under my finger-nails, and the ends of my fingers, of the hand with which I supported the barometer all the way up, felt slightly numb. We were at the summit of Mount Whitney about 10 o'clock. I suspended my barometer, which I had brought up unbroken, and found that the mercurial column stood at  $17\frac{1}{2}$  inches, which would give us roughly a height of between 14,000 and 15,000 feet.

"We shall not be able to tell the exact height until I shall hand my observations to Mr. Goodyear, who will find the calculations to result as follows: Lone Pine itself has an altitude of 10,981.5 feet; add this to the best determinations yet made, which is 3,917 feet, and the total height of Mt. Whitney is 14,898 feet."

[A very careful and accurate determination of the height of Mt. Whitney, made by the U. S. Geological Survey a few years ago, gives the real altitude of the mountain as 14,501 feet.—  
EDITOR.]

SAN FRANCISCO, April 6, 1911.

MR. WILLIAM E. COLBY,  
Secretary Sierra Club,  
Mills Building, San Francisco, California.

*My dear Mr. Colby:* I am surprised and exceedingly sorry to hear that there is an impression that the Forest Service is in any way opposed to the policy of national parks. This idea is entirely contrary to the facts, for I am, and always have been, emphatically in favor of a vigorous national park policy.<sup>1</sup> I believe, however, that we should not only have national parks comprising those areas which should be handled primarily with a view to the preservation of their scenic beauty, but there should be a well-defined policy with regard to the permanent development of each of the parks in accordance with the purposes for which they were established. In administering the national forests we are preparing, as fast as possible, working plans which consider the development of each forest for a long period in the future. We determine the amount of timber and other resources, the productive capacity of the forest, and plan the work of development so that the purposes of the forest will be carried out consistently in the future. There is usually a general plan for a whole tree-rotation, then a more specific plan for a period of ten years, and finally an annual forest plan for the work of the ensuing year. The national parks should be so organized that similar plans could be developed, having in view, of course, their protection and improvement from the standpoint of scenery and other general public benefits.

At one time I believed that the best plan would be to combine the administration of the national parks and the national forests. While this unquestionably would be the most economical method of administration, there are various reasons why it may be wiser to have a separate bureau of national parks. I have, therefore, given my hearty approval to the idea of a bureau of national parks and have advocated it both in private and in my public addresses.<sup>2</sup> I think that you will find that the impression that I am opposed to the parks is unwarranted. Very sincerely yours,

H. S. GRAVES, *Forester.*

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NOTE.—This letter was written in response to an inquiry as to the attitude of the Forest Service toward the National Park problem. We are glad to be able to publish this eminently satisfactory reply.—The Editors.



PROPOSED TAMALPAIS AND TAHOE NATIONAL PARKS.  
BERKELEY, CAL., Dec. 20, 1910.

MR. WILLIAM E. COLBY,  
Secretary, Sierra Club.

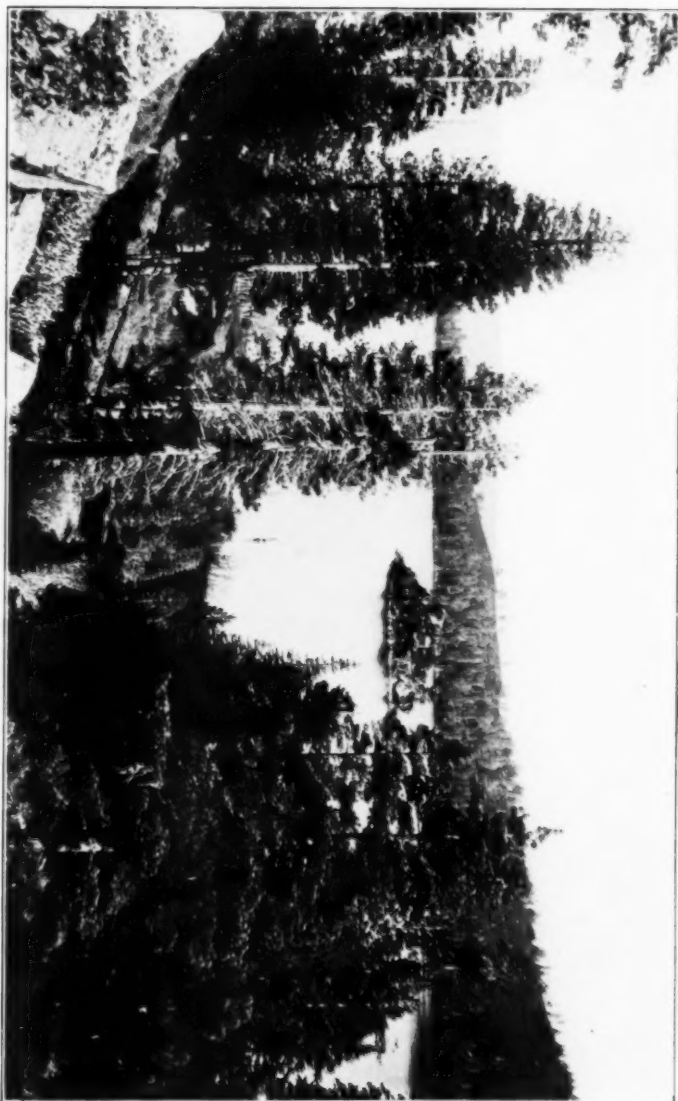
*Dear Sir:*—I beg to call the attention of the Directors of the Sierra Club to two projects which many members deem in accord with the altruistic purposes of this organization; namely, the proposed John Muir and Fremont National Parks.

Probably all Sierrans who have enjoyed our week-end walks among the little wildernesses of Marin County will agree that the Tamalpais region should be preserved in all its natural beauty before it is too late. Recent developments confirm our belief that the time is now ripe for the Sierra Club to take some concerted action whereby these nearby wildwood retreats may be acquired by the Nation as a public playground for the millions who may learn to love our Tamal-land just as we cherish our Sierran places of delight.

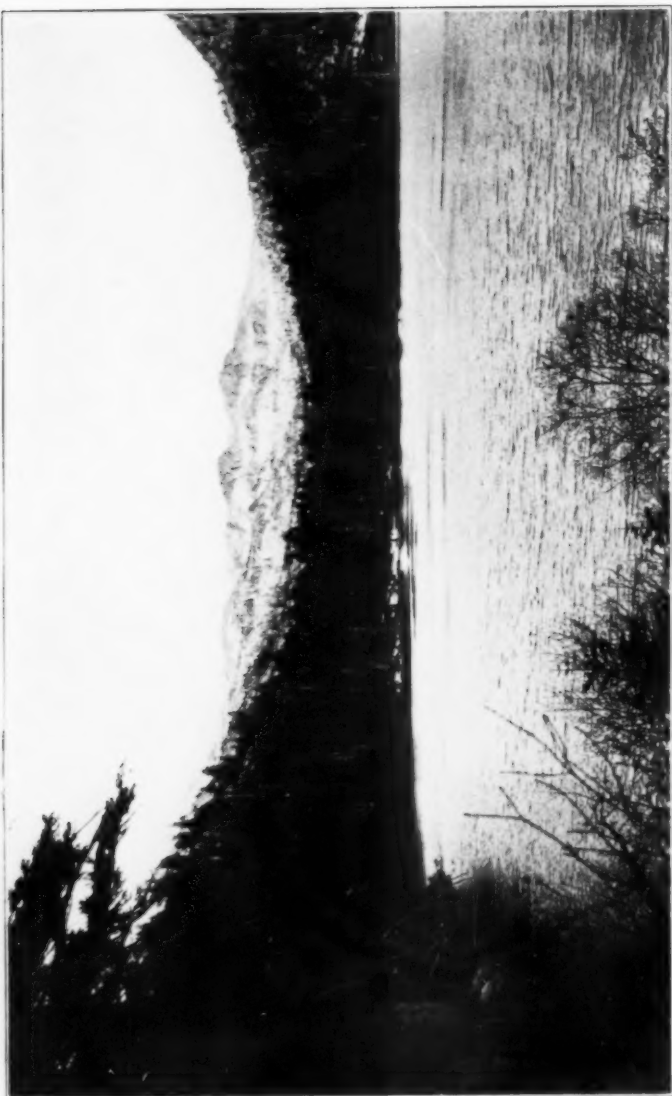
It is our idea that the present National Park of 295 acres, known as Muir Woods, given to the Government by the generous William Kent, Congressman-elect from that district, should be extended up through the heavily timbered fork of Sequoia Cañon, crossing the western half of the sky-line of Mt. Tamalpais, and continuing in a generally northerly direction over the watershed of Lagunitas Creek and its tributaries, Cataract Gulch and the Big and Little Carson cañons. It should also appear advisable to include the crest of the Bolinas Ridge, southward from the vicinity of Camp Taylor and including Steep Ravine. The Bolinas Ridge is of rare scenic charm and commands a panorama of thousands of square miles of the blue Pacific, 2,000 feet below. It also merits reservation for military purposes, as well as for pleasure-seekers, for the reason that it commands the anchorage of Bolinas Bay, where at present a hostile force might land with ease, and, under the cover of the guns of its fleet, move with but trifling resistance upon the defenses guarding the Golden Gate. Those who are conversant with military and foreign affairs will realize the possibility of such a rear attack upon San Francisco in the future.

Apart from what may be called "sentimental" reasons for the reservation of the Tamalpais region, this last consideration would justify the expenditure which this park project would involve. Were this untenanted wilderness acquired for these joint purposes, military roads might be constructed to such strategic points as the vicinity of Rock Spring and along the panoramic Bolinas Ridge. In an emergency guns could be readily trans-





EMERALD BAY, LAKE TAHOE.  
Photograph by W. L. Huber.



FALLEN LEAF LAKE AND GLEN ALPINE GORGE.  
Photograph by W. L. Huber.

ported and emplaced there. At the present time only faint trails traverse these upland ridges and ravines, and an army, even on the defensive, would be at a great disadvantage under present conditions. I may state that a number of officers in the Regular and State service have expressed their opinion that the reservation of about 20,000 acres of this wild broken region would be well worth the few dollars per acre this land would cost, just for the purposes of defense and field maneuvering.

In conclusion, I venture the suggestion that the Directors of the Sierra Club investigate the feasibility of awakening a general sentiment in favor of extending the present John Muir National Park over such portions of the Tamalpais region as may be desirable for park and military purposes as well. It is possible that such interest taken by the Sierra Club and kindred organizations would lead to favorable Congressional action in the near future.

#### THE FREMONT NATIONAL PARK.

The Native Sons of the Golden West held a convention at Lake Tahoe in June, 1910, and adopted resolutions favoring the formation of a new National Park from the Tahoe forest reserve. On account of the historic importance of Donner Lake, they have included portions of its watershed in their tentative plans. A bill will be introduced in Congress, probably during the next session, authorizing the creation of this National Park for the reasons of its scenic charms and historic significance. As this region was first explored by the intrepid Pathfinder in 1844, it is suggested that this park be made a monument to his memory.

Last summer some thirty Sierra Club members, under the leadership of Mr. E. J. Mott, explored the interesting High Sierra overlooking this magnificent lake and the headwaters of the American River. They returned with glowing descriptions of the wonders of Desolation Valley, the glacier lakes and flower-starred meadows, snowy peaks and sparkling trout-streams.

All Sierrans familiar with this entrancing Tahoe forest reserve will welcome the idea of making this delightful wilderness better known as a National Park, and we may well extend our co-operating hands to the Native Sons by supporting their public-spirited project.

"Our National Parks" amid "The Mountains of California" are everlasting monuments to the altruistic idealism of John Muir, and we as his disciples should keep up the good work of park-making whenever opportunities will permit.

Very respectfully,

HAROLD FRENCH.

## FORESTRY NOTES.

HOW THE FOREST SERVICE  
IS PREPARING FOR THE  
FIRE SEASON.\*

The work that has received the most attention for the last few months, from the District Forester to the remotest ranger, is the perfecting and tightening-up of the fire protective organization. Immediately after the close of the danger season last fall the supervisors, under the general direction of the district officers, began working up concrete detailed fire-protection plans for their forests. These working plans go considerably farther into the subject than has been done hitherto. A detailed study is made of all the factors which make up the fire danger on each ranger district, the ranger assisting in the study. When these are inventoried, preventive and protective measures are devised for each class of danger area. Thus for a logging slash or a government timber sale, fire lines may be indicated; for a popular camping-ground, patrol on the main routes of travel and cleaned-up camp-grounds; for a remote, uninhabited region subject to lightning fires, a lookout connected by telephone and caches of tools and supplies, and so on.

While these plans are more or less ideal and work out the organization of the protective force farther than it is possible to go at present, they furnish just the guide that is needed to insure the most effective use of the men and money available for protection work. The money allotments to the national forests have been apportioned with the fire risk of each in view, and it is thought that this study has resulted in meeting much more closely the relative needs of the forests in the State.

The short-term patrol men are now on their stations. Between May 1st and June 1st the national forest forces have been augmented by the assignment of fifty-six additional forest guards, as the total field force now on duty in the district is 459 men.

During the winter some of the older rangers tried their hands at designing a fire-fighting tool that could be easily carried on patrol. An effective tool must combine a shovel, a hoe and an ax; so the task is no easy one. One model of a take-down tool of this description was submitted and a sample made. This will be tried out in the field and if it works well, it may be adopted as the regulation equipment of Uncle Sam's fire patrolman.

The rangers themselves have a very keen sense of their responsibilities in the matter of fire protection. At various ranger

\*Information furnished by the U. S. Forest Service, District 5.

meetings during the winter a modification of the army's "war game" was played. A large-scale map being hung in front of the assembled rangers, a pin is stuck in it at random to represent a fire and a movable arrow on the map shifted to show the wind direction. Then the ranger in whose district the fire has broken out is called upon to answer on the spot a string of rapid-fire questions as to how he will proceed to control the fire. The number and pertinency of questions that a force of experienced rangers can ask and the coolness and accuracy with which they are answered are alike remarkable. It sometimes happens, as at a real fire, that a new man will lose his head and become completely "gallied."

Wide publicity has been given to a set of rules for care with fires in the woods, an interesting feature of which is a picture postal recently issued by the district office containing a picture of a disastrous fire.

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#### FIRE WARNING.

The "dry season" is here and the Sierra Club urges its members to co-operate with the Federal and State forest officials with the object of preventing forest fires this summer. This Club has always taken an advanced stand on all matters pertaining to forestry, and the *prevention of fires* is one of the most important ways in which our members can assist. The following are good suggestions to bear in mind and get others to observe:

1. Never throw away a burnt match, cigar or cigarette stub until you are sure it is out.
2. Build small campfires. Rake away the leaves and litter from around them. Don't build campfires against standing trees or down logs.
3. Don't build bonfires. The wind may come up at any minute and carry the fire beyond your control. You can tell a good woodsman by the size of his fire.
4. Don't leave a campfire, even for a short time, without putting it *out* with water or dirt.
5. Notify the nearest U. S. Forest Ranger or State Fire Warden of every forest fire you see or hear of.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF SIERRA CLUB.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., June 1, 1911.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

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EDITED BY MARION RANDALL PARSONS.

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"YOSEMITE TRAILS." A book sure to capture the interest of Sierra Club members is "Yosemite Trails,"\* by J. Smeaton Chase. Those of us who have traveled these trails will take delight in renewing our memories of the "dim alleys of forest and aching white rock-highways; ghostly snow-glimmer by starlight; peaks in solemn rank against the sky"; while to those of us to whom the great park is still unknown ground, no better introduction could be offered. Interesting as the earlier portions of the book are, the chapters on the Yosemite cannot compare with those devoted to the High Sierra. Once Mr. Chase has set his feet upon the higher trails his narrative swings into a brisker pace and evinces a keener delight in the many joys that go to make up a Sierra day. As must almost inevitably be the case where the author's acquaintance with the country is of so brief a character, a few inaccuracies have crept in, such as in attributing the destruction of the tamarack pines along the Tuolumne watershed to forest fires; but these are mostly of minor importance and by no means to be weighed against the book's real worth. As a guide book, however, it hardly fulfills the author's ambition, for his amusing account of his wanderings among unknown and unidentified cañons could give little light to a puzzled wayfarer in that least known portion of the Yosemite Park, the northeastern. The rest of Mr. Chase's journeyings took him over the main-traveled trails of the region. Wawona and Hetch Hetchy, the Pohona Trail, Lake Tenaya and Bloody Cañon, even Donohoe Pass, all are familiar ground to many more hundreds of people than probably Mr. Chase imagines. The great value of his book lies in the charm of its descriptive passages, the keen appreciation of all that is beautiful and uplifting in our mountain world, and, greatest of all, the interest it is bound to awaken among its readers in "this great Californian range, . . . with its superb features of mountain, forest, river, glacier, lake and meadow, and lying under a climate of unequaled regularity and perfection," which in the time to come, the author believes, "will be the playground of America."

M. R. P.

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\**Yosemite Trails*. By J. SMEATON CHASE. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, 1911. 354 pages, with illustrations from photographs, and a map. Price, \$2.00 net.

"THE CABIN." The announcement of a new book by Stewart Edward White is always greeted with pleasure by his many readers. One is sure to find within its covers much entertainment of a light, genial character. His latest book, "The Cabin,"\* is a collection of minor incidents of camp and trail, character sketches of the mountain folk, ranger life, dog and mule stories. In a concluding "Note" Mr. White adds a good word to the suggestion that has several times been advanced of preserving small forests of our finest conifers (other than sequoias) as national parks or monuments. "It is true," Mr. White says, "we have set aside for the public vast tracts of woodland, but the national forests are for use and not for integral preservation. They are intended to be lumbered off, just as private holdings are meant to be lumbered. . . . The forest itself will be preserved, both as a watershed and as a growing and perpetual supply, but it must necessarily change its character. The big trees will all be gone; and never more will they be seen again. . . . The only hope is in setting aside national parks for their preservation, as we have . . . for other things, such as geysers, battlefields, cañons, sequoias. In some of these reservations . . . necessarily grow many specimens of the various pines and firs. But they are only specimens. To preserve intact the dignity and majesty peculiar to these forests it would be necessary to set aside especial sugar-pine parks from districts where such species particularly flourish; and this has nowhere been done. If somewhere along the sugar-pine belt some wisdom of legislation or executive decree could duplicate the Muir Woods on a greater scale, or the Sequoia National Park on a lesser, we would avoid the æsthetic mistake we made in tossing to memory alone the visions of our old primeval forests of the East." M. R. P.

"ADVENTURES OF JAMES C. ADAMS." Wandering through a dark little curio shop in Honolulu last year, the reviewer came upon a copy of a rare California book, a first edition of Mr. Hittell's "The Adventures of James Capen Adams; Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California,"† published by Towne & Bacon, San Francisco, in 1860. At that time, 1910, it was only by a similar stroke of good fortune that one could gain possession of this quaintly titled book at all; but now comes a new edition, embodying an introduction and a postscript that

\**The Cabin*. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, 1911. 283 pages, illustrated with photographs by the author. Price, \$1.50.

†*The Adventures of James Capen Adams: Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California*. By THEODORE H. HITTELL, Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, 1911. 373 pages, illustrated. New edition. Price, \$1.50.

were lacking in the original form, but in all other respects, even as to type, binding and illustrations, a duplicate of the old. In spite of the often revolting descriptions of wholesale carnage among the wild animals so abundant in our mountains in early times, Mr. Hittell has succeeded in giving us in Adams a picture of a simple, sincere, lovable character, whose thirst for battle could not always prevent his feeling moved at the spectacle of a mother bear or panther playing with her young. His emotion at this "interesting and beautiful sight," however, never appeared to be strong enough to lead him to spare the happy family, for his observations and cheerful moralizings inevitably ended in the killing of the mother and the capture, slaughter, or maiming of her young. The most interesting portions of the book are the accounts of the taming and training of the grizzly bears, Lady Washington and Ben Franklin, who became so devoted to the hunter that they followed him like dogs, fought other bears for him, slept with him, and even condescended to carry packs on their shoulders. Mr. Hittell vouches for the truth of these statements, having seen Adams many times with his bears in San Francisco in 1856. Adams's wanderings extended from Washington to the Kern River, from the Sierra Nevada to the Rockies. As he almost invariably was accompanied by a camp wagon, as well as by his mules and bears, the traversing of this great area of trackless wilderness and snowy mountain chains might alone be considered worthy of a volume; but Adams evidently regards it as being all in the day's work. He was a dealer in furs as well as a trapper, hunter, and trainer of bears. The description of his caravan on a journey from Eastern Washington to Portland is both interesting and amusing. "There were difficulties in putting the caravan in motion; for of all heterogeneous compositions, it was one of the most curious. . . . There were five horses packed with buffalo robes; next four horses packed with bear skins; then two packed with deer skins; two with antelope skins; seven with dried meat for the use of the animals on the journey; one with boxes containing the young bear cubs last caught; two with boxes containing wolves, untamed; a mule with foxes and fishers in baskets; and a mule with tools, blankets, and camp luggage. . . . But the most remarkable portion of the train consisted of the animals which he drove along in a small herd; these were six bears, four wolves, four deer, four antelopes, two elks and the Indian dog." Altogether a most fascinating book and one that should be especially popular among Californians.

M. R. P.



"THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL  
AND ITS MESSAGE."\*

This is the title of a little book by the Reverend Albert W. Palmer. Its contents are of such excellent quality that one cannot help wishing there were more pages in it. The colored half-tone illustration of Gilmore Lake forms the frontispiece, and there are many others affording beautiful glimpses of Hetch Hetchy, the Tuolumne Cañon, Rogers Lake, and the Tuolumne Meadows. Mr. Palmer has depicted in a very happy manner the free and healthful life of the Sierra Nevada as it is lived by members of the Sierra Club on their annual outings into the High Sierra. Various types of interesting recreation seekers pass before the reader amid a setting of cliffs and forests, lakes and waterfalls, such as only the California mountains can provide. The reader finds himself among them around the campfire, where scientists tell the fascinating secrets of nature in simple and direct language, where music and song are free from the artifices of the theater, and where the day's fatigue is slept away on the blooming heath with no ceiling to shut out the stars. John Muir also appears in these pages as only those know him who have walked with him in the mountains. Yet amid this recital of adventures and depiction of scenes, Mr. Palmer, with gentle but sure touch, always turns to the light the moral aspect of his experiences.

W. F. B.

"WILD LIFE  
IN THE ROCKIES."\*

This title is well selected, both as regards the birds, beasts and trees discussed, and also as regards the writer's own adventures. As "State Snow Observer" of Colorado, his winter travels are records of what appear to the ordinary mountaineer to be extreme discomforts and real dangers. His indifference to the former and disregard of the latter are quite consistent with the supreme delight he feels in the beauty of the wild surroundings.

To stay out night after night in the dead of winter without blankets and without food other than raisins is certainly a supreme test of a man's love for Nature in her wildest moods. That the writer is amply repaid for such hardships is abundantly evident in his every word. Instance his intimate matter-of-fact recital of battles with storm and snow; also his loving chronicle of "The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine," and again the adventures of "Faithful Scotch."

There is a quality of loveliness as well as of poetic beauty in

\**The Mountain Trail and Its Message.* By ALBERT W. PALMER. Pilgrim Press, Boston, 1911. The book is attractively bound in corduroy paper boards. 50 cents net. 31 pages.

\**Wild Life in the Rockies.* By ENOS A. MILLS. Houghton-Mifflin Co., Riverside Press, Boston and New York, 1909. 257 pages; with illustrations from photographs. Price \$1.75 net.

his style which is shown in manifold happy turns of expression: "That all pervading presence called silence has its happy home within the forest. . . . Silence is almost as kind to mortals as is her sweet sister sleep." This charming volume is fitly dedicated to John Muir.

H. M. LEC.

**"TRAILS OF THE  
PATHFINDERS."\***

There are books which appeal to the perpetual boyhood of the race; books which will be read as eagerly by graybeards as by those of the un-razored lip; books full of the eagerness for novelty and conquest, full of the adventures of men who know no obstacles and feel no fear. Such a book is Mr. Grinnell's "Trails of the Pathfinders." The author's preface tells us: "The chapters in this book appeared first as part of a series of articles under the same title contributed to *Forest and Stream* several years ago. . . .

"The books from which these accounts have been drawn are good reading for all Americans. They are at once history and adventure. They deal with a time when half the continent was unknown; when the West—distant and full of romance—held for the young, the brave and the hardy possibilities that were limitless.

"The legend of the kingdom of El Dorado did not pass with the passing of the Spaniards. All through the eighteenth and part of the nineteenth century it was recalled in another sense by the fur trader, and with the discovery of gold in California it was heard again by a great multitude—and almost with its old meaning.

"Besides these old books on the West, there are many others which every man should read. They treat of that same romantic period, and describe the adventures of explorers, Indian fighters, fur hunters, and fur traders. They are a part of the history of the continent."

Carlyle tells us that a poet moves us by virtue of the fact that he is so much more a man than we. The frontiersman moves us by virtue of the same fact. Where Mr. Grinnell has let his heroes speak to us directly—has quoted from the journals of the original published accounts of exploration,—the incisive strength, the delight in finesse, the irresistible patience and dauntlessness compel our admiration. Alexander Henry, Jonathan Carver, Alexander Mackenzie, Lewis and Clarke, Pike, Fremont, and the others walk through the pages, heroic in stature, though entirely alive and human. Dr. Coues comments upon the diary of Alexander

\**Trails of the Pathfinders.* By GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1911. Illustrated with map and views of frontier adventure. 460 pages. Price, \$1.50 net.

Henry the younger: "It mirrors life in a way Mr. Samuel Pepys might envy could he compare his inimitable diary with this curious companion-piece of *causerie*, and perceive that he who goes over the sea may change his sky but not his mind."

The quotations from original documents, though numerous, are not too numerous, and add a quaint reality to the chronicle of a hundred years ago. Where Mr. Grinnell tells the story himself he proceeds in the downright way demanded by his subject and is thereby the more convincing. Indeed, Mr. Grinnell can hardly be thought of as telling the story; one has the feeling that it is a story that tells itself. As one turns the pages of adventure,—escapes from the Indians, from wolves, from starvation; as one reads of the way in which tact and decision and sometimes a ruthless promptitude made their way across the continent, one has a feeling that the young boys at least should read the book—if only to learn their heritage of power and the cost of empire.

J. C.

"MY FIRST SUMMER  
IN THE SIERRA."\*

Every lover of the mountains and of out-door life will welcome this latest word from John Muir's pen. It bears a message of special interest to members of our Club, written as it is by our own much-beloved President, and about a region the preservation of which was the cause of the Club's foundation. The book has that inimitable literary charm which long since placed Mr. Muir among the foremost of American writers. It has been dedicated "To the Sierra Club, Faithful Defenders of the People's Playgrounds." This book was received too late for the careful and extensive review it merits. This will appear in the next issue of the BULLETIN.

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\**My First Summer in the Sierra*. By JOHN MUIR. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston and New York. 354 pages; illustrated. Price, \$2.50.

## TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SIERRA CLUB AND THEIR FRIENDS.

Our Club is generally recognized as the one organization best fitted to take the lead in all matters involving the preservation of the wonderful natural scenery which California is so fortunate as to possess, and in calling the attention of the world to these wonders. It takes money to carry on this work and to direct and concentrate public opinion where it will do the greatest immediate good. Members mean money—for our work is financed almost entirely through the payment of dues. The Club has grown wonderfully in the years past, but there is room for much greater growth and need for an increased income. We want each member of the Club to take an active part in its various undertakings. You can help by getting new members. There are few public-spirited people in California who would not willingly contribute \$3.00 annually (\$5.00 for the first year) to help in this good work. Any of your friends who are interested to help in the following activities should be persuaded to join.

**PRESERVATION OF THE SCENERY AND WONDERFUL NATURAL FEATURES OF THE SIERRA.**—Concerted action is essential and a central organization to enlist and direct public sentiment is an imperative necessity.

**PUBLICATION OF INFORMATION TELLING PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD ABOUT THESE WONDERS AND HOW TO REACH THEM,** thus arousing interest in their welfare.

**PRESERVATION OF OUR FORESTS.**—The Club has always taken a vital interest in the preservation of our forests. In our *BULLETIN*, published semi-annually, we make a special feature of Forestry and publish reliable and up-to-date facts furnished by leading authorities so as to keep our members in touch with this important subject.

**WELFARE OF OUR NATIONAL PARKS.**—We are devoting every energy to further the interests of our great national wonderlands, both by securing increased appropriations from Congress and by keeping our members informed of any dangers which threaten their welfare and existence.

**BUILDING OF TRAILS AND ROADS** to make these parklands more accessible.—The Paradise Trail, connecting Paradise Valley with Kings River Cañon, would not have been built but for the leadership and co-operation of the *SIERRA CLUB*. Its value to travel is worth infinitely more than its cost. Other trails are needed to out-of-the-way but attractive regions of the High Sierra.

**PLANTING THE FISHLESS STREAMS AND LAKES OF THE SIERRA WITH TROUT.**—The *SIERRA CLUB*, in co-operation with the California Fish and Game Commission, has done more in the last four years towards stocking the Kings-Kern High Sierra with golden trout and other trout than has been accomplished in the forty years preceding.

**ANNUAL OUTINGS AND EXCURSIONS.**—This part of the Club's work can be participated in by but comparatively few. While a subordinate part of the Club's activities, it enables us to furnish our members with a wonderful outing at minimum expense and results in the exploration and the increased accessibility of the regions visited through construction of trails and bridges and spread of information for the benefit of those who may come after.

**PHOTOGRAPHS ARE EXHIBITED AND LECTURES DELIVERED.** We intend to make these features more important as time goes on.

We ask you to aid us in building up the membership of the Club and thus making it a greater power for good.

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS,

PER WM. E. COLBY, *Secretary.*

